

ROMANCES OF RANCH AND RANGE

# Western Love Trails

An  
ACE  
Magazine

NOVEMBER 4  
10¢

WESTERN  
LOVE TRAILS

SEP 9

**DUDE-RANCH  
ROMEO**

**ROMANCE ON  
THE RANGE**

also a Romantic  
**SHERIFF SAL** story  
... plus others



# WATCH FOR THESE

*Fascinating!*

*Exciting!*

*Different!*



## LOVE COMICS

*They're*

## THE BEST IN ROMANCE

### BUY ALL 8 AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!

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# DUDE-RANCH *Romeo*



WE'VE GOT ANOTHER GUEST ARRIVING TODAY, NICK-PROFESSOR BRADDOCK. DAD WANTS YOU TO DRIVE INTO TOWN AND PICK HIM UP AT THE STATION.

RECKON SOMEBODY ELSE'LL HAVE TO PICK THE OLD GUY UP, HONEY. I PROMISED THE CRAIG FILLY I'D TAKE HER RIDIN' THIS MORNIN'.



DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE SPREADING ON THE CHARM A LITTLE TOO THICK? AFTER ALL, WENDA CRAIG KNOWS YOU AND I ARE ENGAGED-BUT I GUESS SHE'S THE KIND THAT CONSIDERS THAT A CHALLENGE.

MEOWW!... IT AIN'T LIKE YOU TO BE CATTY, SUGAR. YOU MUST BE JEALOUS!

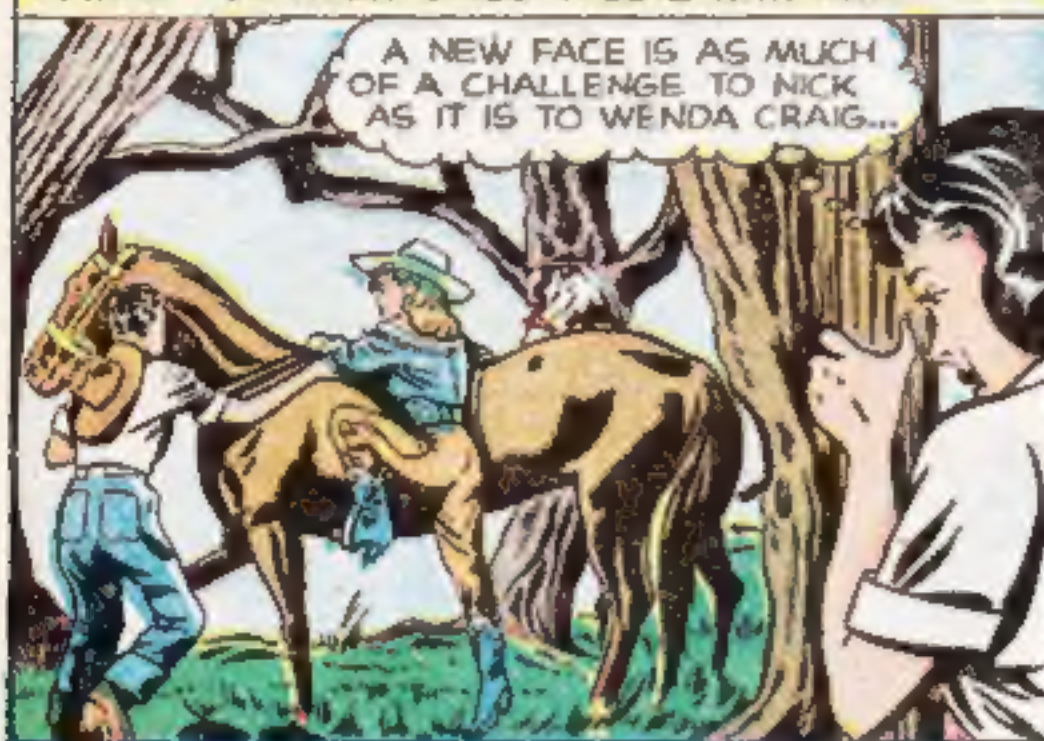


I-I GUESS I AM.

THAT'S GOOD NEWS. THAT WAY I KNOW YOU LOVE ME-BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT WENDA, HONEY. AS FOREMAN OF THE DOUBLE-D, I'M JUST TRYIN' TO MAKE HER LIKE THE RANCH.

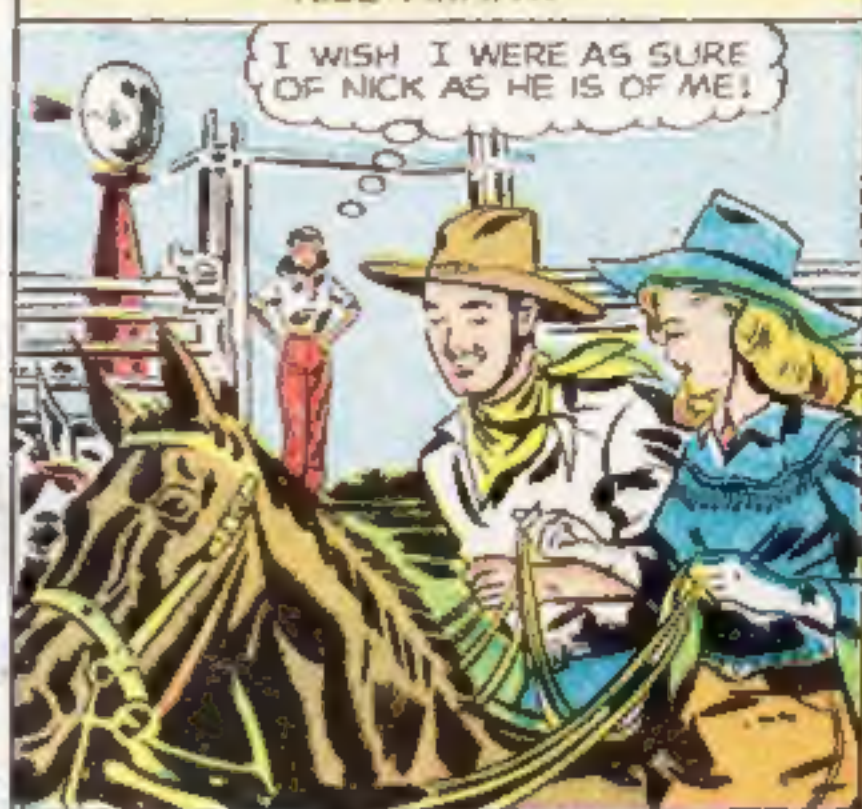


**I** KNEW THAT WHEN YOU LOVED A MAN YOU OUGHT TO TRUST HIM. AND I TRUSTED NICK—EVEN THOUGH HE HAD ALWAYS HAD THE REPUTATION, BEFORE WE WERE ENGAGED, OF HAVING TOO MANY GIRLS IN LOVE WITH HIM.



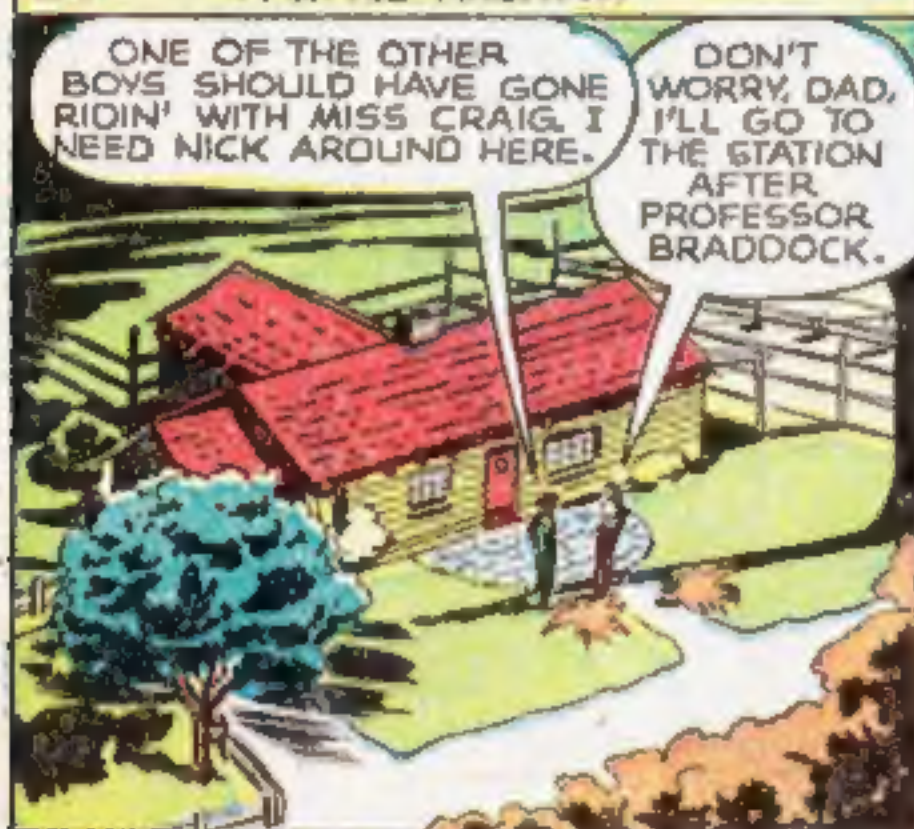
A NEW FACE IS AS MUCH OF A CHALLENGE TO NICK AS IT IS TO WENDA CRAIG...

**A**S I WATCHED NICK AND THE BEAUTIFUL, SPOILED DEBUTANTE FROM THE EAST RIDE AWAY...



I WISH I WERE AS SURE OF NICK AS HE IS OF ME!

**W**HEN FATHER HEARD ABOUT IT, HE WAS A LITTLE ANGRY...



ONE OF THE OTHER BOYS SHOULD HAVE GONE RIDIN' WITH MISS CRAIG. I NEED NICK AROUND HERE.

DON'T WORRY, DAD, I'LL GO TO THE STATION AFTER PROFESSOR BRADDOCK.

THANKS, MANDY. I'M GLAD, BECAUSE I CAN'T SPARE ANOTHER MAN, WITH THE RUSTLIN' THAT'S GOIN' ON IN OUR HERD AND LOSIN' CATTLE EVERY NIGHT, WE NEED EVERY MAN TO KEEP WATCH. IF WE HADN'T MADE THE DOUBLE-D INTO A DUDE RANCH WE WOULD'VE GONE BROKE!



NICK SAYS WHOEVER IS DOING THE RUSTLING IS PRETTY SMART AND HE DOESN'T THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH HIM.

YEAH? SKUNKS LIKE THAT ALWAYS SLIP UP SOME-PLACE. BUT WE WON'T CATCH HIM IF OUR FORE-MAN IS GONNA BE A GIGOLO TO FEMALE DUDES. NICK BETTER GET BUSY!



NOW, DAD! REMEMBER—YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT YOUR FUTURE SON-IN-LAW! AND YOU MUSTN'T CALL HIM A GIGOLO. WE HAVE TO HUMOR WENDA CRAIG. IF SHE LIKES THE PLACE, SHE'LL TELL HER FRIENDS ABOUT IT AND WE'LL GET A LOT OF WEALTHY EASTERNERS.

I'D RATHER HAVE MY CATTLE BACK!... WELL, YOU'D BETTER START FOR TOWN, MANDY!





**I** GOT TO THE STATION JUST AS THE TRAIN FROM THE EAST PULLED IN...



POOR DAD! HE HATED TO TURN HIS PLACE INTO A DUDE RANCH. I DON'T LIKE IT TOO MUCH MYSELF, ESPECIALLY WITH NICK BEING SO CHARMING TO GIRLS LIKE WENDA!...I WONDER WHAT THE PROFESSOR WILL BE LIKE. AN OLD FUDDY-DUDDY PROBABLY... OH, HERE'S THE TRAIN.

I WONDER WHERE THE PROFESSOR IS? MAYBE HE GOT ABSENT-MINDED AND GOT ON THE WRONG TRAIN. NO ONE IS GETTING OFF BUT THAT GOOD-LOOKING FELLOW--AND I KNOW HE CAN'T BE A PROFESSOR!

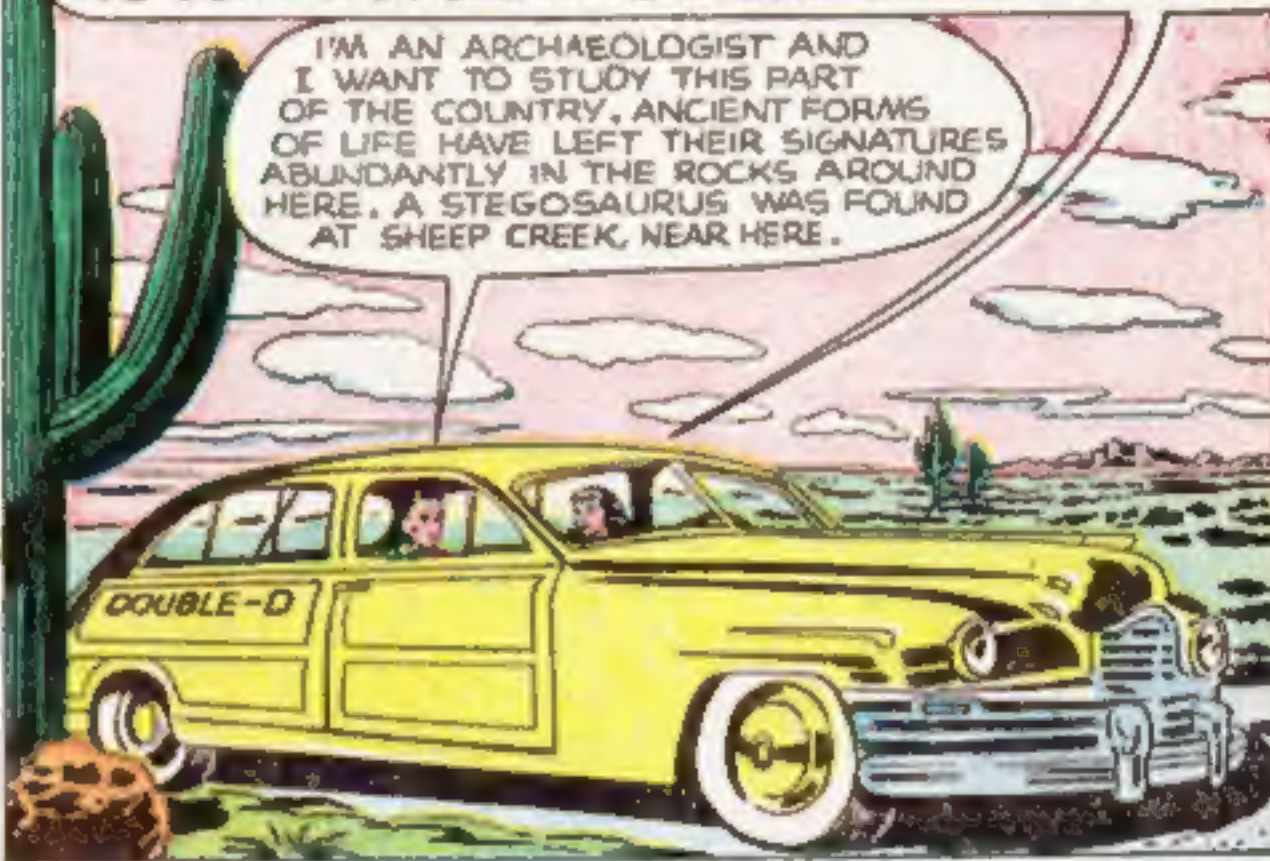


I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO MEET ME FROM DALSTON'S DOUBLE-D RANCH!



ARE-ARE YOU PROFESSOR BRADDOCK? I...I'M AMANDA DALSTON.

YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A PROFESSOR! WHAT DO YOU TEACH?



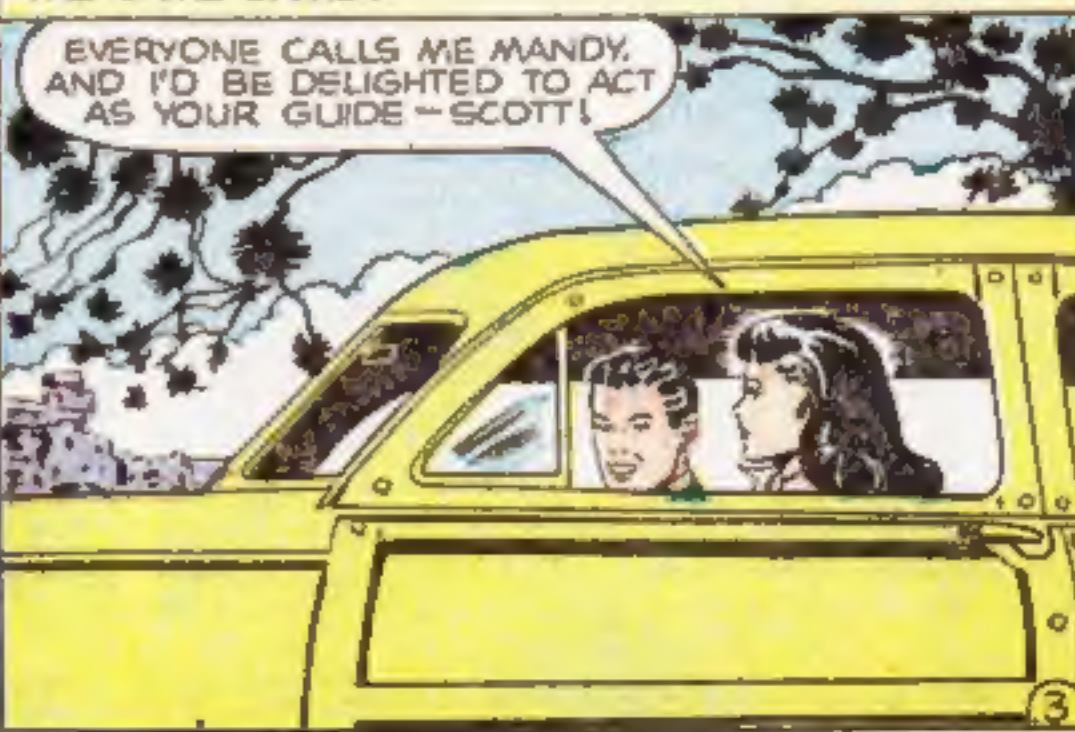
I'M AN ARCHAEOLOGIST AND I WANT TO STUDY THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY. ANCIENT FORMS OF LIFE HAVE LEFT THEIR SIGNATURES ABUNDANTLY IN THE ROCKS AROUND HERE. A STEGOSAURUS WAS FOUND AT SHEEP CREEK, NEAR HERE.

I PROBABLY WOULDN'T KNOW ONE IF I RAN INTO IT! BUT IT SOUNDS INTERESTING, PROFESSOR!



DON'T CALL ME PROFESSOR. CALL ME SCOTT. THAT'S MY FIRST NAME. I HOPE YOU'LL ACT AS MY GUIDE ON MY EXPEDITIONS, AMANDA. MAY I CALL YOU THAT?

**H**E WAS YOUNG AND INTERESTING AND GOOD LOOKING. I DECIDED I COULD USE HIM TO TEACH NICK A LESSON. IF NICK WAS GOING TO GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO CHARM OUR FEMALE DUDES--I'D SHOW HIM I COULD PLAY THE SAME GAME!



EVERYONE CALLS ME MANDY, AND I'D BE DELIGHTED TO ACT AS YOUR GUIDE--SCOTT!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

THAT BRADDOCK GUY IS HEADIN' FOR TROUBLE FOOLIN' AROUND DEAD MAN'S CANYON. AND SO ARE YOU! YOU OUGHTA HAVE MORE SENSE, MANDY, THAN TO ROAM AROUND WITH THAT NUT. IF HE DON'T LET YOU ALONE I'M GOIN' TO TAKE A POKE AT HIM!



THERE'S NOTHING CRAZY ABOUT SCOTT BRADDOCK, NICK MOULTEN! AND I NEVER HEARD OF ANY REASON TO KEEP A PERSON FROM DEAD MAN'S CANYON. AND ANYWAY, I GUESS IF YOU CAN WANDER AROUND WITH WENDA CRAIG, I CAN GO AROUND WITH SCOTT!



I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I DIDN'T FEEL THE SUDDEN THRILL NICK'S NEARNESS USED TO GIVE ME. HAD MY PLAN TO MAKE HIM JEALOUS BACK-FIRED? WAS I GETTING TOO INTERESTED IN SCOTT?

AH, HONEY, I GUESS IT'S JUST MY TURN TO BE JEALOUS. THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE TRYIN' TO DO, I BET! WELL, YOU WIN! ONLY I DON'T WANT YOU RUNNIN' AROUND THAT CANYON. IT'S DANGEROUS.



I FELT GUILTY! I WAS SURE NICK AND I LOVED EACH OTHER. IT WAS OUTSIDERS LIKE WENDA AND SCOTT WHO CAME IN AND UPSET OUR LIVES...

PROMISE ME YOU'LL STAY OUT OF THE CANYON AND AWAY FROM THAT BRADDOCK HOMBRE.



PROFESSOR BRADDOCK IS A GUEST, NICK--- BUT-BUT I'LL SEE--

OH, PROFESSOR BRADDOCK, I WOULD LOVE TO GO ON SOME OF YOUR EXPLORATIONS WITH YOU.

SORRY, BUT THEY'RE NOT PLEASURE EXCURSIONS, MISS CRAIG



I WAS GLAD TO SEE WENDA COULDN'T WIND SCOTT AROUND HER FINGER THE WAY SHE DID NICK AND MOST OF THE MEN...

I WAS WONDERING WHERE YOU WERE, MANDY. HOW ABOUT ANOTHER TRIP TODAY? WE'LL TRY THE CANYON AGAIN.

WHY--ALL RIGHT. I'LL HAVE THE BOYS SADDLE OUR HORSES...



AFTER ALL, I HADN'T ACTUALLY PROMISED NICK I WOULDN'T ACT AS SCOTT'S GUIDE! BESIDES, AS I HAD TOLD NICK, SCOTT WAS A GUEST PAYING GOOD MONEY TO DO THE THINGS HE WANTED TO DO. ACTUALLY, I KNEW I WANTED TO GO WITH HIM...

WE'LL SEE WHAT NICK SAYS ABOUT THAT! HIS GIRL FRIEND AND THE SNOOTY PROFESSOR ON A COZY CANYON PARTY!





**B**ECAUSE OF TALES OF PROSPECTORS AND EARLY SETTLERS WHO HAD BEEN AMBUSHED AND KILLED HERE, THE CANYON WAS A PLACE MOST PEOPLE AVOIDED...



**A**S WE GOT OFF OUR HORSES AND STARTED TOWARD THE ROCKS, I STEPPED ON A LOOSE ROCK AND SLIPPED! SCOTT CAUGHT ME...



**I** HAD THOUGHT I WAS IN LOVE WITH NICK, BUT SOMEHOW THIS WAS DIFFERENT-- SWEETER...

**A**ND NICK'S KISSES HAD NEVER BEEN LIKE THIS! I REALIZED SUDDENLY THAT I HAD BEEN CHILDISHLY INFATUATED WITH NICK AND HAD BEEN SWEEPED OFF MY FEET BY HIS MASCULINE ASSURANCE AND ARROGANCE. BUT THIS THING I FELT IN SCOTT'S ARMS WAS REALLY LOVE, BREATH-TAKING IN ITS SHARP SWEETNESS!



I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU DO THAT. IT ISN'T FAIR TO NICK! I--I'M ENGAGED TO HIM!

NONSENSE! YOU AREN'T IN LOVE WITH HIM, DARLING. I CAN TELL BY THE WAY YOUR LIPS FELT UNDER MINE. YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE UNTIL NOW-- AND NEITHER HAVE I!



LET ME GO, SCOTT--PLEASE! WE--WE CAME HERE TO EXAMINE THE ROCKS.

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN WHAT'S HAPPENED TO US THAN IN ALL THE ROCKS IN THE WORLD! STOP TRYING TO FIGHT IT, DARLING! WE'RE IN LOVE! YOU'LL HAVE TO BREAK YOUR ENGAGEMENT TO NICK.

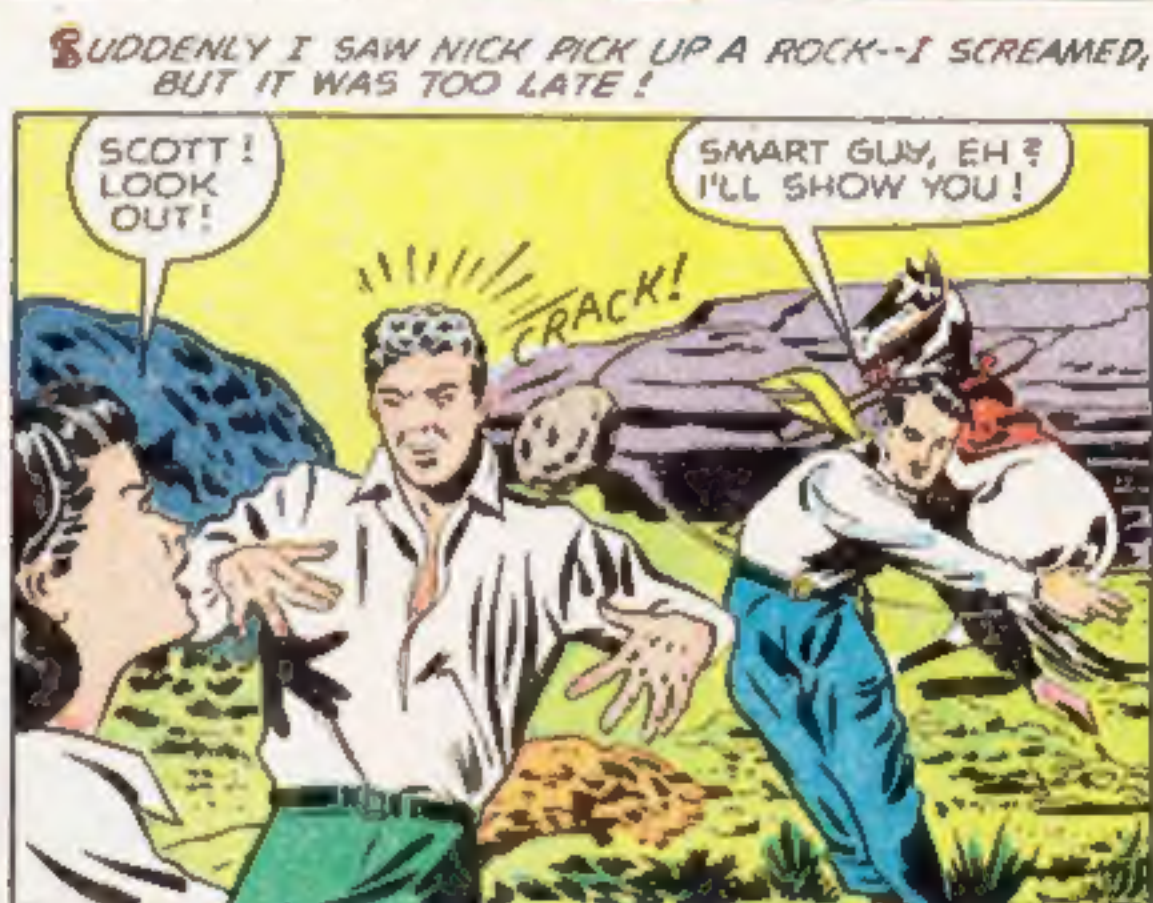


**W**E DIDN'T KNOW NICK HAD RIDDEN UP, GOT TEN OFF HIS HORSE UNTIL...

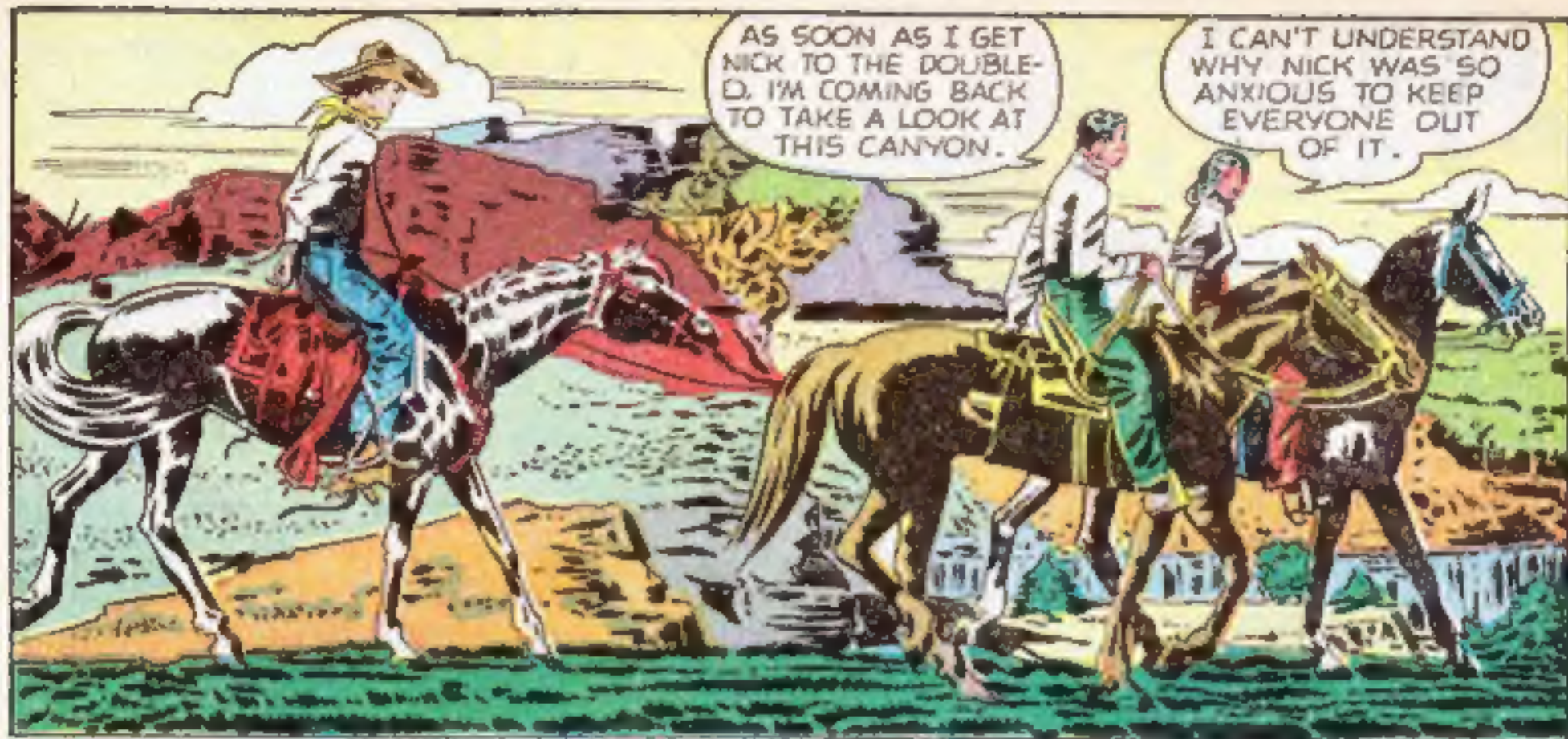
I WARNED YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM THIS CANYON AND MY GIRL, TENDERFOOT! BY THE TIME I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL WISH YOU'D LISTENED...











AS SOON AS I GET NICK TO THE DOUBLE-D, I'M COMING BACK TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS CANYON.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY NICK WAS SO ANXIOUS TO KEEP EVERYONE OUT OF IT.

**A**FTER SCOTT CAME BACK FROM HIS EXAMINATION OF THE CANYON...



SO THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE CANYON, SHERIFF. NICK WAS RUSTLING HIS BOSS'S CATTLE--AND KEPT THEM IN A HIDDEN CORRAL IN THE CANYON UNTIL HE COULD ALTER THE BRANDS AND DISPOSE OF THEM.

WE'LL SURE PUT THAT LOBO WHERE HE BELONGS. WE BEEN TRYIN' TO CATCH HIM FOR A LONG TIME. THANKS, PROFESSOR.

**T**HAT NIGHT AROUND THE CAMPFIRE!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW I NEVER SUSPECTED NICK.

YOU PROBABLY WOULD HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT NICK SOONER OR LATER. NO ONE GETS AWAY WITH STUFF LIKE THAT FOR LONG. BUT I'M GLAD IT HAPPENED NOW, BECAUSE NOW IF YOU LOVE ME YOU CAN ADMIT IT--WITHOUT FEELING DISLOYAL TO NICK. DO YOU LOVE ME, MANDY?



OH, YES, SCOTT. I--I THINK I'VE LOVED YOU FROM THE MOMENT I SAW YOU GET OFF THE TRAIN.

**T**HIS TIME I WAS SURE OF MY LOVE--THERE WOULD NEVER AGAIN BE A DOUBT IN MY HEART... THIS WAS A LOVE I COULD TRUST...



THERE NEVER WAS A MORE ROMANTIC SETTING FOR A MAN TO FIND A WIFE.

I NEVER REALIZED HOW ROMANTIC IT WAS--UNTIL YOU CAME!

THE END



# SHERIFF SAL'S *Last Stand*

GOSH, SAL, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH IT HURTS! WHEN I HAVE YOU IN THE MOONLIGHT LIKE THIS, YOU'RE ALL SOFT AND SWEET—AN' THAT BADGE OF YOURS AIN'T COMIN' BETWEEN US!

I'M NOT THE ONE WHO'S LETTING THE BADGE COME BETWEEN US, FLASH. I LOVE YOU, TOO—I'LL MARRY YOU WHENEVER YOU SAY—BUT I WON'T GIVE UP MY JOB OF SHERIFF!

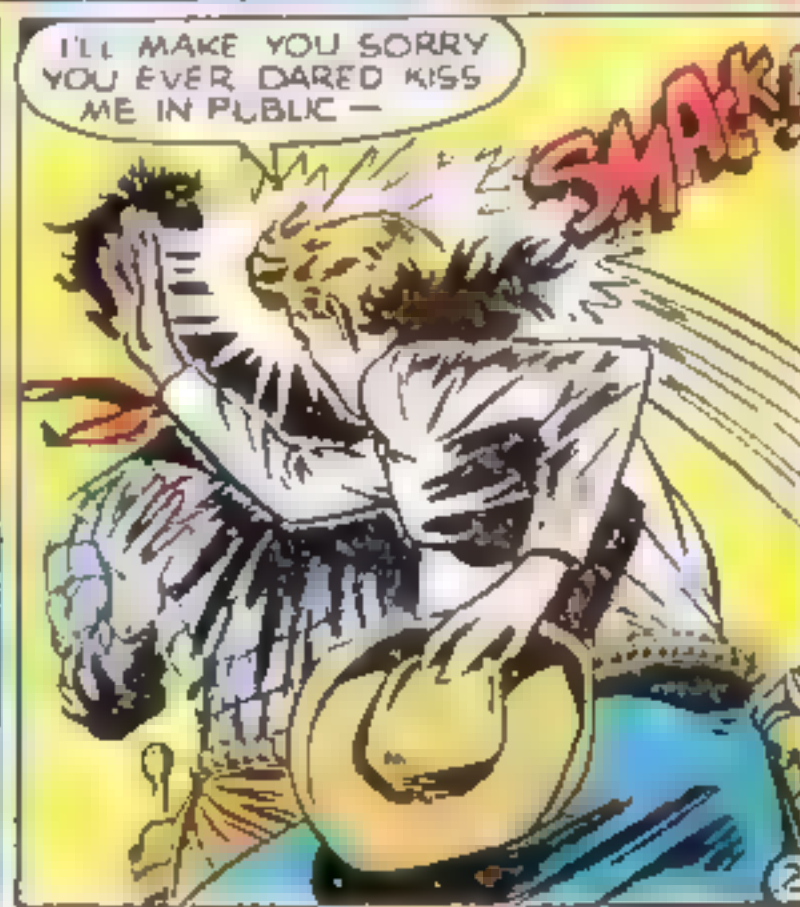
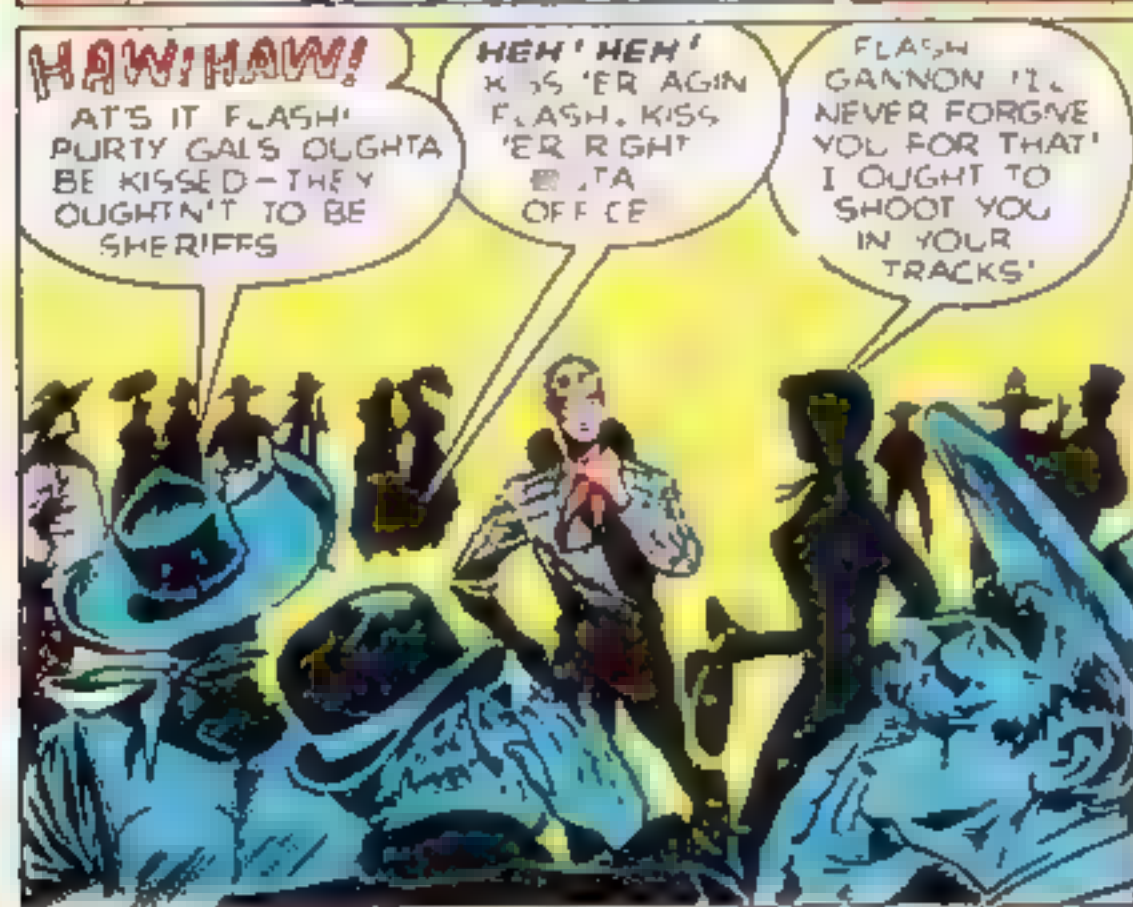
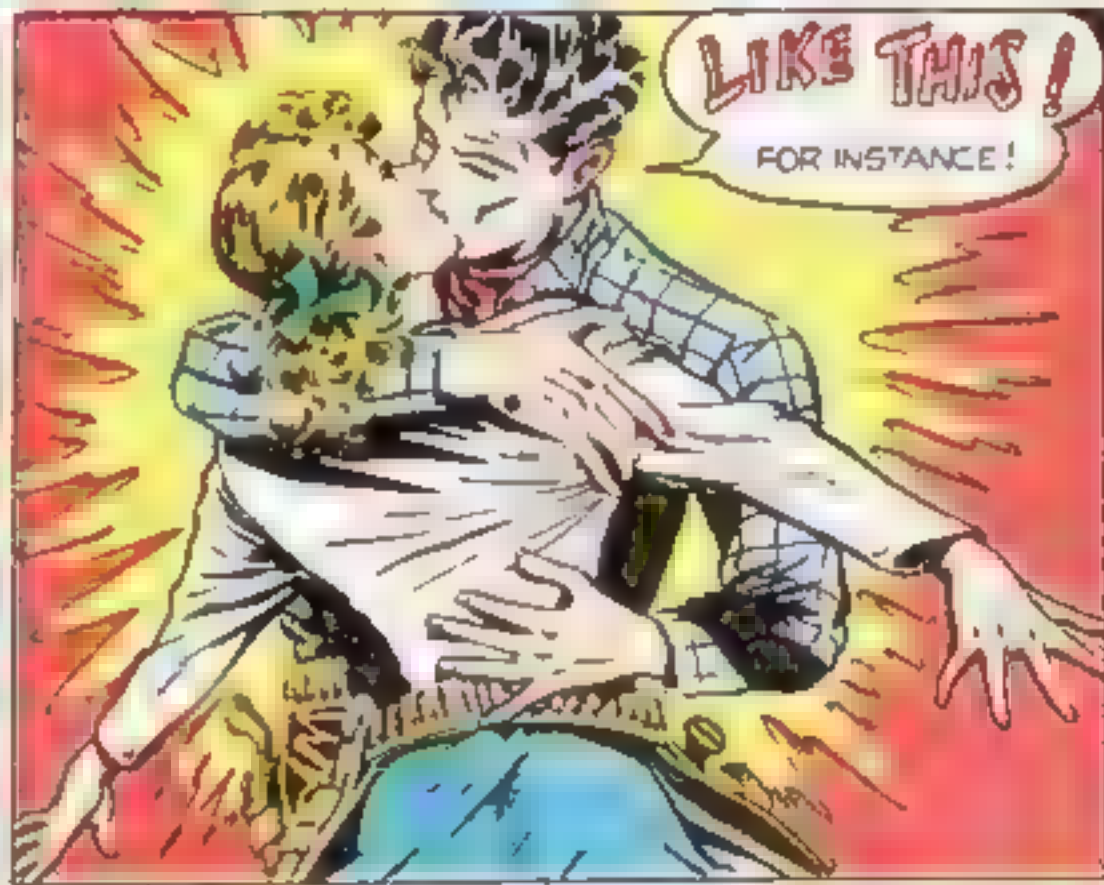
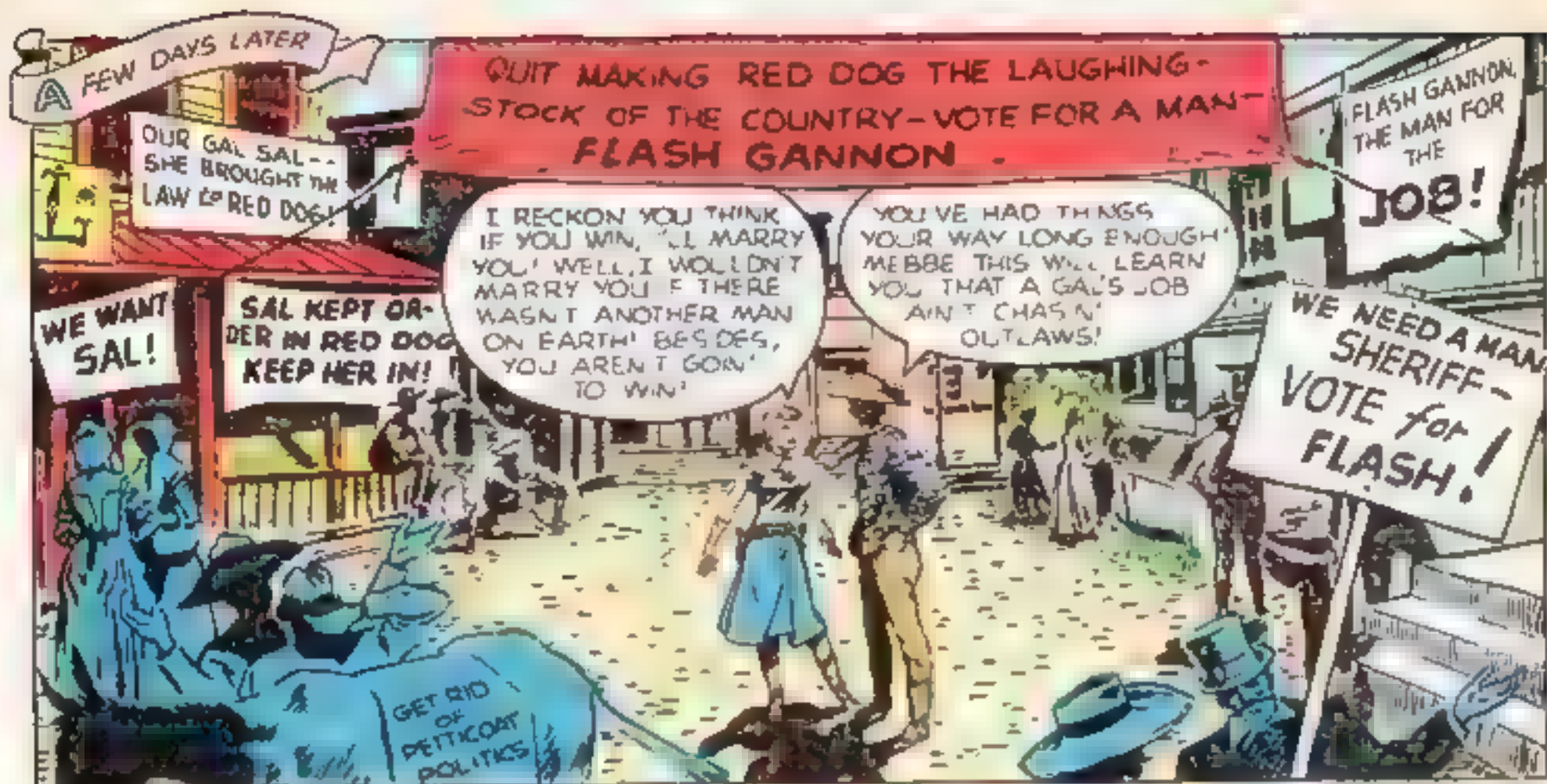
A GAL WHO LETS HER PRIDE AN' AMBITION AN' A JOB STAND IN THE WAY OF HER LOVE AIN'T MAKIN' MUCH OF A WIFE TO MY MIND—AN' I AIN'T HAVIN' ANY OF IT.

SEEMS TO ME IT'S **YOUR** PRIDE THAT'S MAKIN' YOU ACT SO ORNERY!

BEIN' SHERIFF AIN'T NO JOB FOR A WOMAN ANYHOW! COME ELECTIONS, I'M GOING TO RUN AGAINST YOU!

MEBBE THAT'S WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND RIGHT ALONG! MEBBE YOU WANT THE **JOB** INSTEAD OF **ME**!







LOOKING BACK I CAN SEE THAT I'VE STRETCHED MY LUCK TOO FAR WHERE FLASH IS CONCERNED BUT I SURE DID LOVE HIM AND I THOUGHT HE LOVED ME, TOO. I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE'D FINALLY GIVE IN. I NEVER DID THINK HE'D ACT THIS ORNERY. NOW I'VE GOT TO FIGHT HIM TO THE FINISH-AND-IT HURTS!

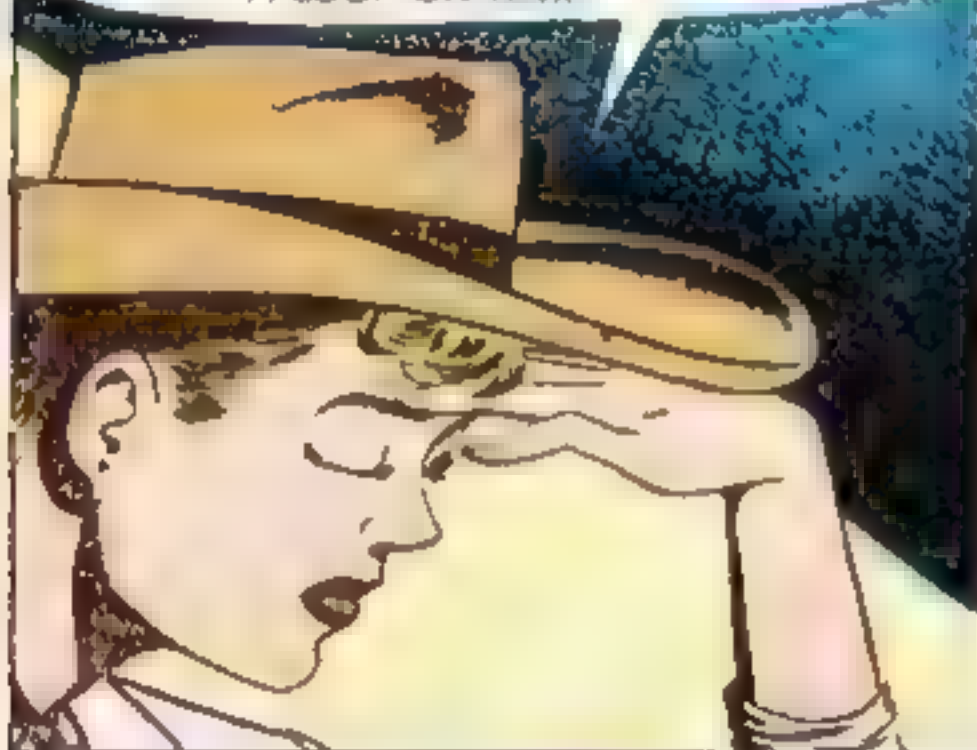


LOOKY HERE SAL, WE BIN IN BACK OF YUH RIGHT ALONG ON ACCOUNT OF WE KNEW YOUR PAPPY AN' YUH WAS MAKIN' A RIGHT GOOD SHERFF-HERE LATELY-BUT-



YEAH! TOO MANY THINGS BIN HAPPENIN' SAL. RUSTLERS ARE BACK TAKIN' CATTLE AGIN-AN' THAR'S A NEW KY-OAT A HOLDIN' UP AND ROBBIN' ALONG THE TRAIL. THEY RE CALLIN' H'M THE MASKED STRANGER AN' HE GOT THE LONE STAR PAY ROLL YESTERDAY!

I KNOW ALL TH'S BOYS-I-I'VE BEEN WORKIN ON IT. I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED F THE MASKED STRANGER AN' THE RUSTLER WAS THE SAME LOBO-BUT I HAVENT BEEN ABLE TO THROW A LOOP ON HIM.



I AIN'T TOO GOOD FER YUH SAL THAT TH'S RATTLE SNAKE CRAWLED CROSS YER PATH AT 'LECT ON TME MAKES THE TOWN THINK MEBBE FLASH COULD'VE HAD THE MAVERICK ROPED BY NOW.

SAY! THET'S SO! TH'S TROUBLE JEST STARTED SINCE FLASH BIN RUNNIN' AGIN' SAL! WE NEVER HEERED A' TH'S MASKED STRANGER 'TIL NOW. YUH DON'T 'SPOSE FLASH.



OH NO, MEN! FLASH ISN'T THAT BREED-WE'RE FIGHTING EACH OTHER-BUT HE WOULDN'T TURN OUTLAW JUST TO OUT-SMART ME AND PUT ME IN A BAD LIGHT.

YUH CANT TELL. IT'S WORTH THINKING ABOUT!

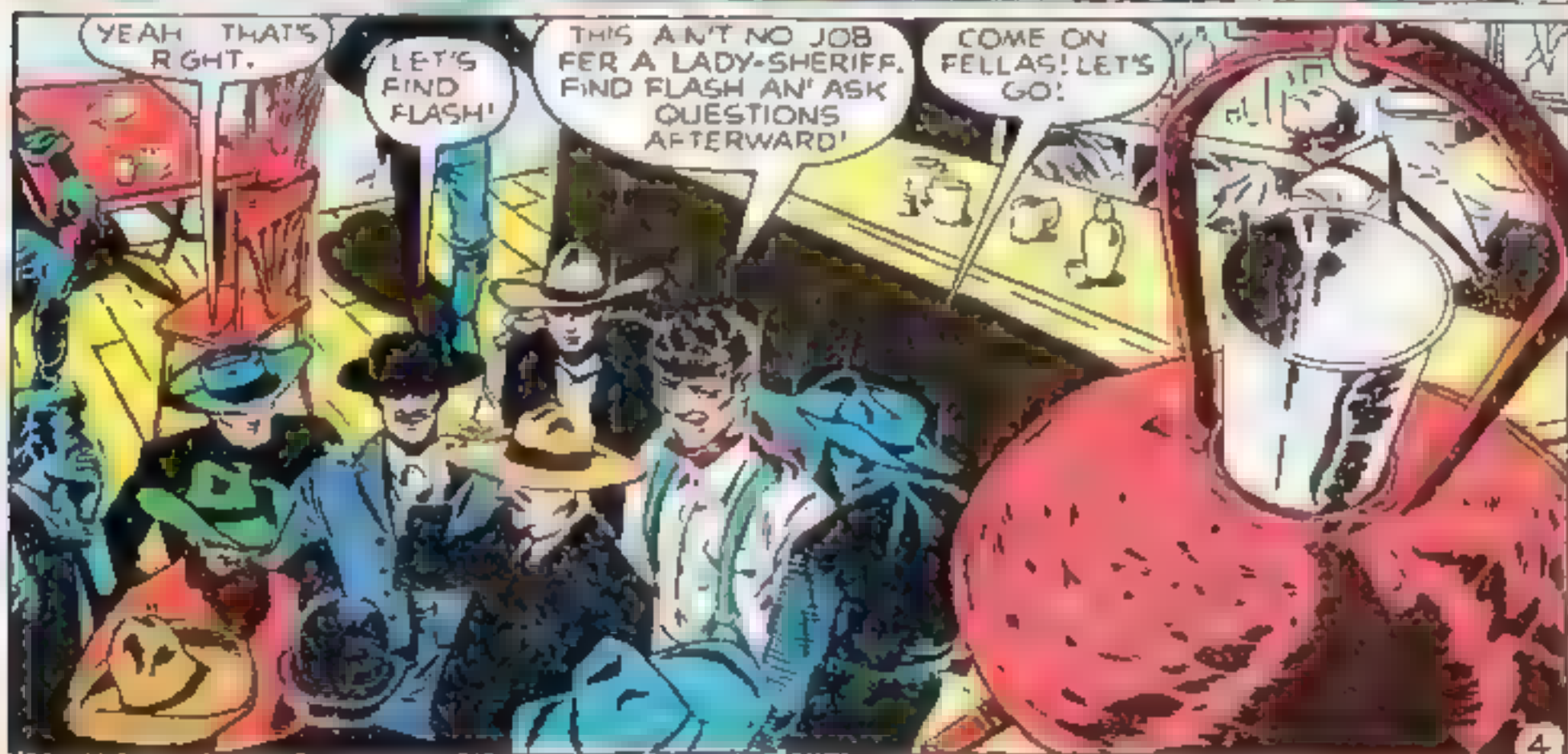
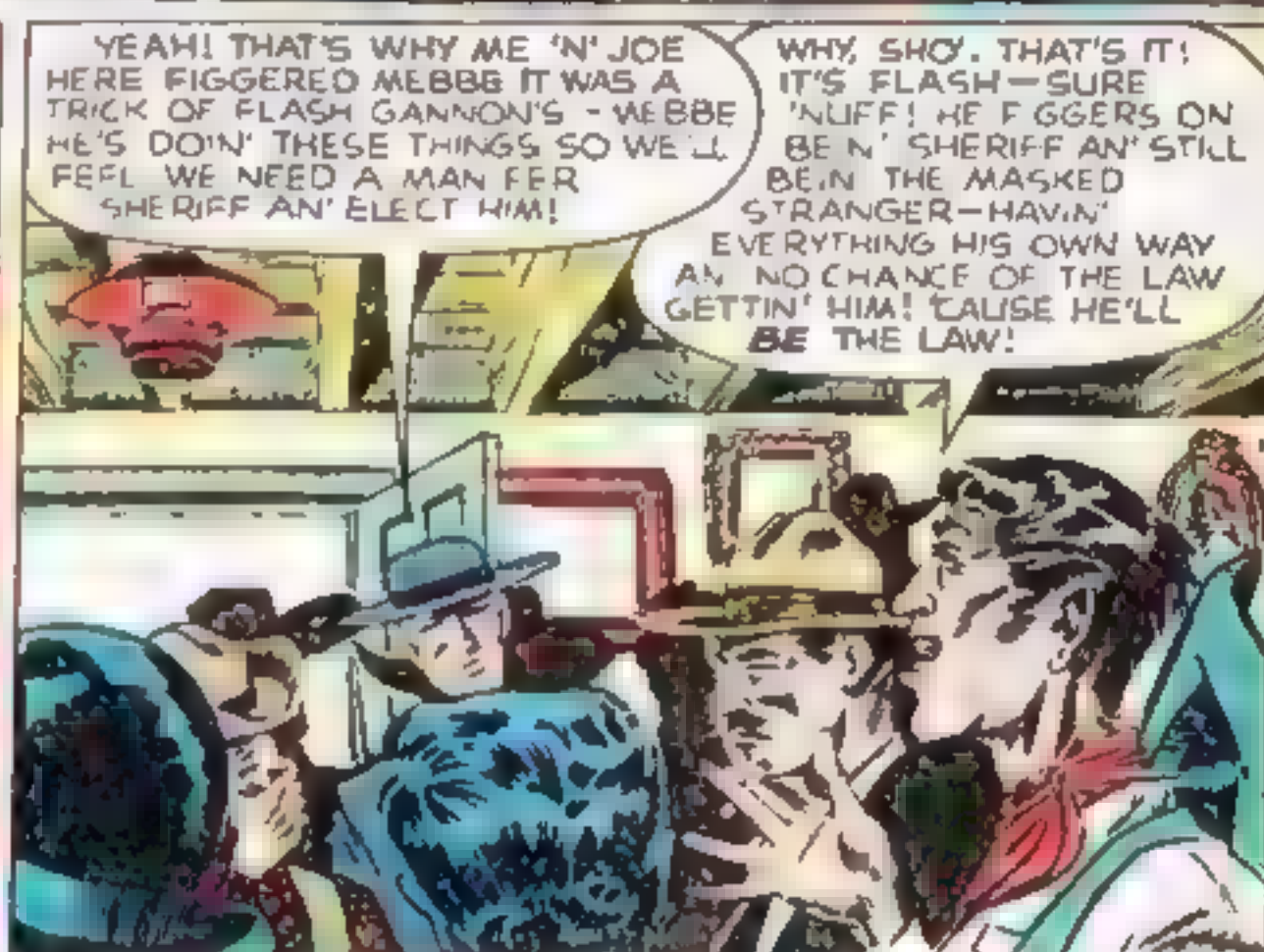
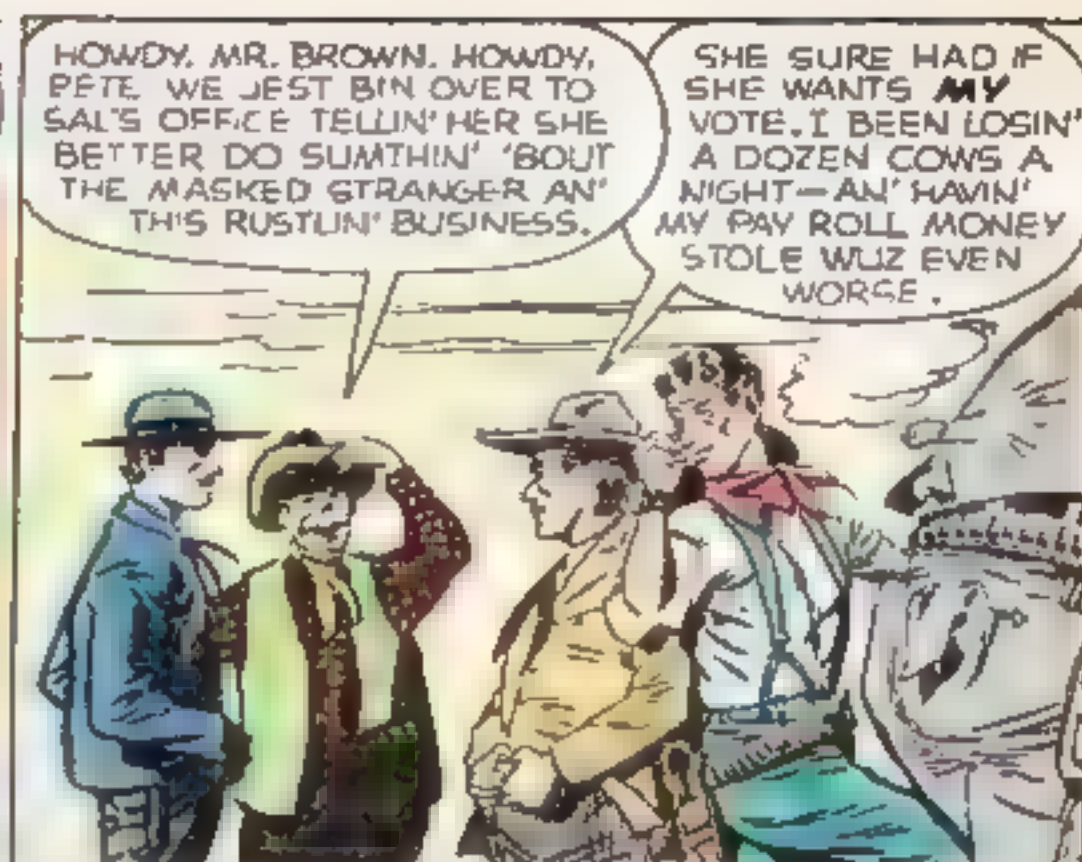
GUESS WE BETTER TELL TH'S BOYS TO KEEP AN EYE ON FLASH!

YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO ON THAT ONE AND ELECT ON OR NO. I DON'T AIM TO LET YOU PV ANYTHING ON FLASH THAT HE DIDN'T DO!

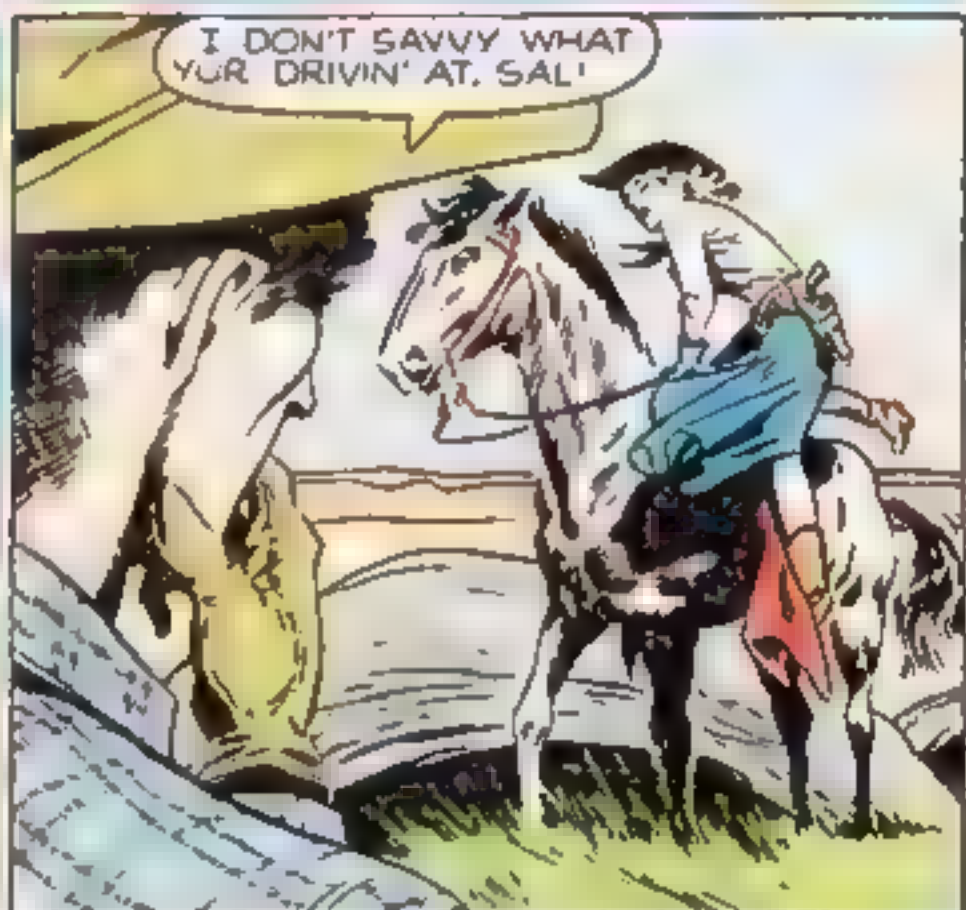
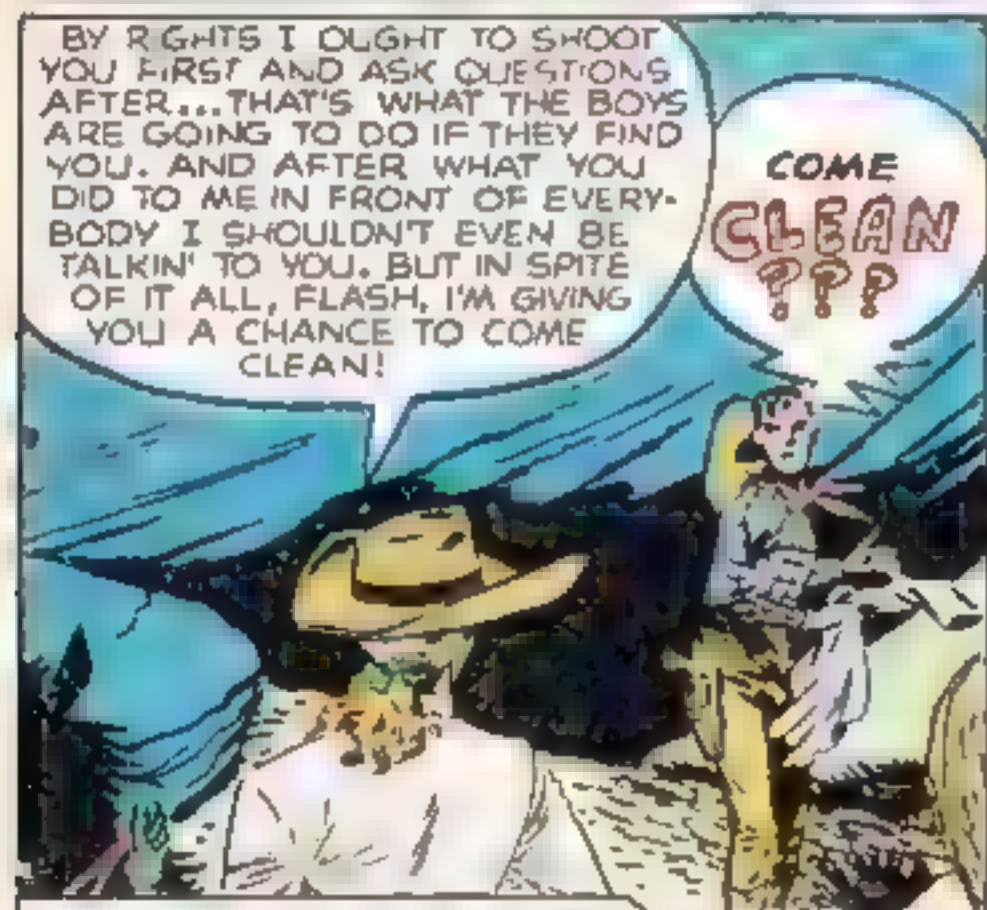
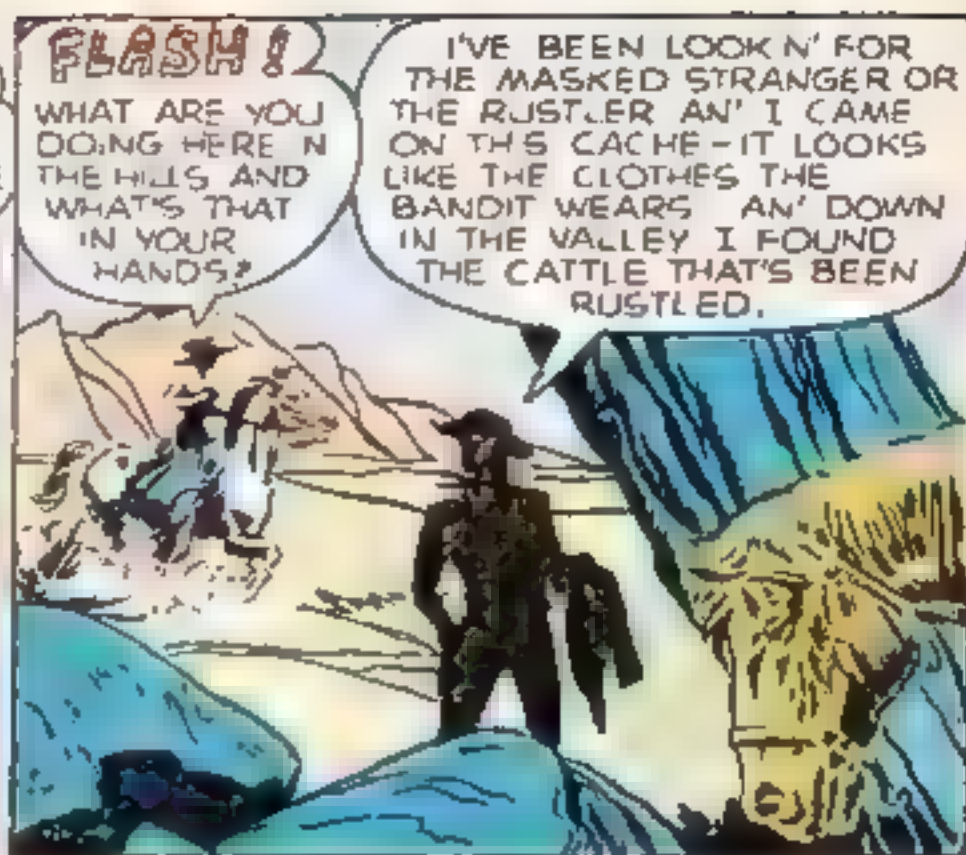
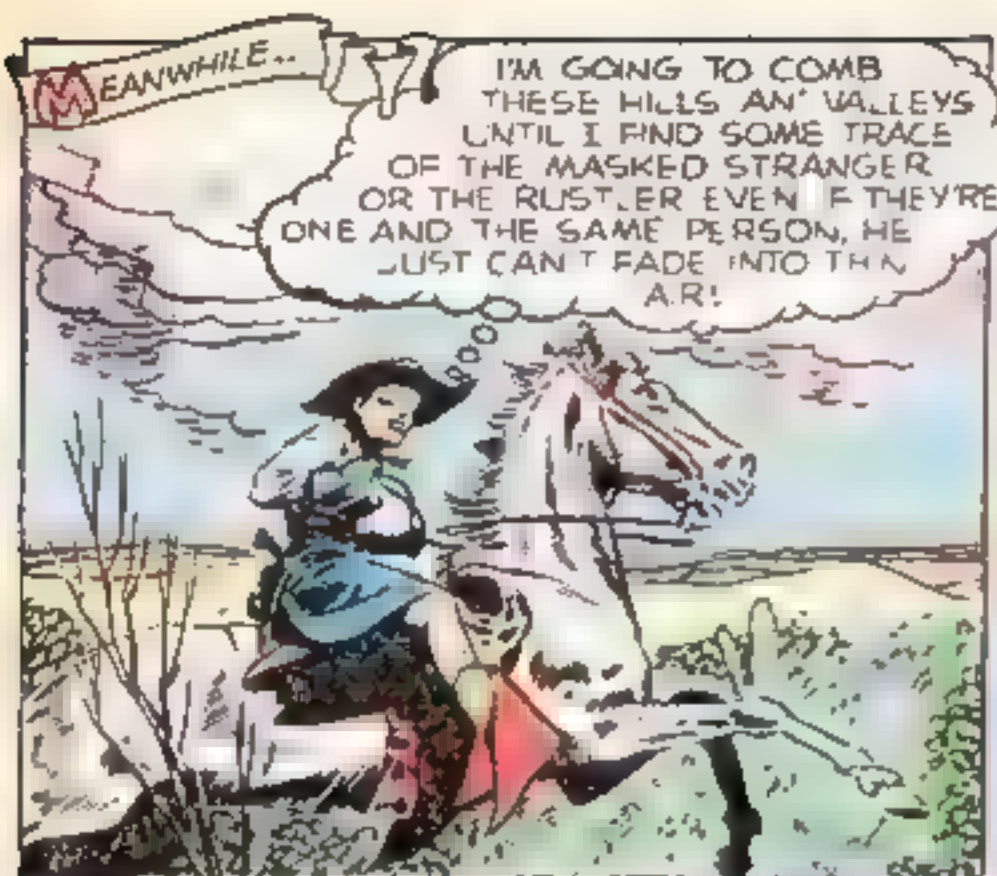
IF I CAN CATCH THE RUSTLER AN' THE MASKED STRANGER THAT'LL PROVE IT ISN'T FLASH! IT **CAN'T** BE FLASH-IT JUST **CAN'T!!!**











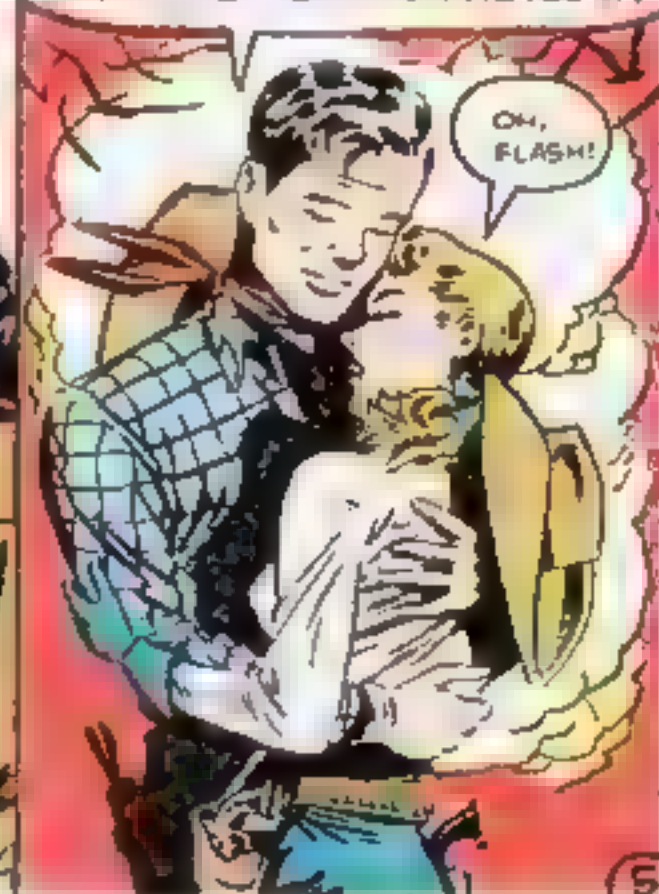
SOME OF THE FOLKS IN TOWN ARE BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'RE THE RUSTLER AND THE MASKED STRANGER - THESE THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING DURIN' ELECTION TIME - AND A SHERIFF THAT CAN'T CATCH A BAD HOMBRE TERRORIZING THE COUNTRY HASN'T MUCH CHANCE TO BE RE-ELECTED!



I DIDN'T - UNTIL NOW. BUT WHAT AM I TO THINK WHEN I SEE YOU WITH THOSE DUDS IN YOUR HANDS AND - OH, FLASH, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



SAL! MY GIRL! - HONEY! YOU DO LOVE ME! THIS PROVES IT!





I LOVE YUH, HONEY - AN' I WOULDN'T LIE TO YUH. I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THE DIRTY DOG THAT'S BEEN RUSTLIN' AN' ROBBIN'!

LISTEN! THERE'S A BUNCH OF RIDERS COMING!

THE SHERIFF'S HERE AHEAD OF US! BUT THIS AIN'T NO JOB FOR A GAL! ONLY ONE THING TO DO WITH RUSTLERS AND BANDITS - G'T OUT OF THE WAY, MISS SAL!

THAR AIN'T NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT. LOOK, FELLAS, THAR'S THE CLOTHES THE MASKED STRANGER WEARS

STAND BACK, ALL OF YUH, I'M STILL SHERIFF AROUND HERE!



WE SURE HIT THE RIGHT TRAIL - DOWN THAR IN HODDEN VALLEY ARE ALL THE CATTLE RUSTLED FROM THE LONE STAR.

I'M WARNIN' YOU ALL AGAIN TO STAND BACK - I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO PUMP LEAD INTO YOU MEN. WE'RE FRENDS

I'M NOT HIDIN' BEHIND ANY WOMAN'S SKIRTS IF THEY WANT ME, SAL, LET 'EM COME AND GIT ME!

WE AIM T'TAKE FLASH. WE DON'T WANT TO HURT YUH, M'SS SAL - EVERYTHIN' IS POINTIN' TOWARD FLASH BEIN' THE MASKED STRANGER AN' THE RUSTLER, TOO. EVEN AS SHERIFF, YOU GOT NO CALL TO SHIELD A GUILTY MAN!



BOYS, YOU HAVE NO POSITIVE PROOF OF FLASH'S GUILT. BUT AS SHERIFF, IT'S MY DUTY TO SEE THAT EVEN A GUILTY PERSON GETS A FAIR TRIAL. I BROUGHT LAW AND ORDER TO RED DOG WE'RE CIVILIZED NOW. THERE'S GOING TO BE NO MORE NECK-TIE PARTIES AROUND HERE WITH THE WRONG MAN ON THE END OF THE ROPE! IF YOU SUSPECT FLASH, IT'S UP TO YOU TO PROVE HE'S GUILTY. UNTIL THEN, HE'S MY PRISONER AND I'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIM!

SAL'S BEEN RIGHT A LOTTA TIMES. MEBB SHE IS NOW

YEAH, WE'RE CIVILIZED - I RECKON FLASH OUGHTA HAVE A FAIR TRIAL 'FORE WE HANG 'IM!

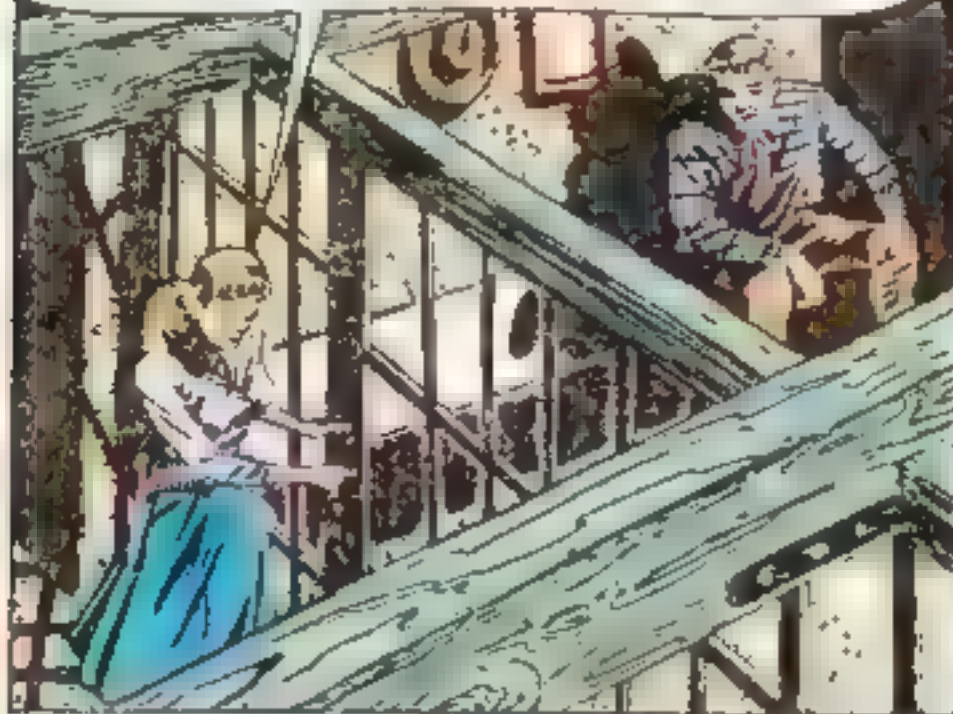
I HATE TO DO THIS, FLASH, BUT THERE'S NO OTHER WAY!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, HONEY. I ALWAYS AIMED TO BE HAND-CUFFED TO YUH ANYHOW.





FLASH, HONEY! I HAD TO PUT YOU IN HERE, BUT NOW I'M GOING TO RELEASE YOU IN MY CUSTODY I HAVE OUR HORSES OUTSIDE...



YUH MEAN YUH WANT ME TO ESCAPE AN' YUH'LL GO WITH ME?

NO—I COULDN'T DO THAT! WHEN I TOOK MY OATH OF OFFICE, I PROMISED TO UPHOLD THE LAW AND I HAVE TO DO IT. I'M LETTING YOU OUT—BUT I'M GOING TO BRING YOU BACK!



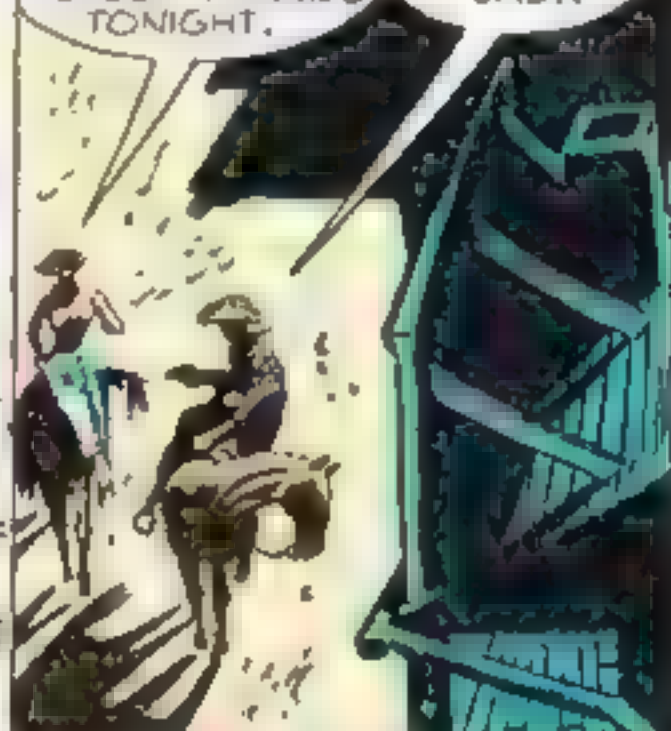
WHAT ARE YUH PLANNING SWEETHEART?

WELL—YOU YUH'VE BEEN AFTER ME TO MARRY YOU FOR YEARS—AN' AND IF YOU STILL MEAN IT—I THOUGHT WE'D RIDE TO DRY GULCH AND GET THE PARSON TO DO IT TONIGHT.

WHEN THE CIRCUIT JUDGE COMES TOMORROW—HE'LL ASK ME QUESTIONS ABOUT WHERE I FOUND YOU AND THE CLOTHES YOU HAD IN YOUR HAND. I'LL HAVE TO TELL THE TRUTH—AND IT WILL MAKE IT LOOK BAD FOR YOU—

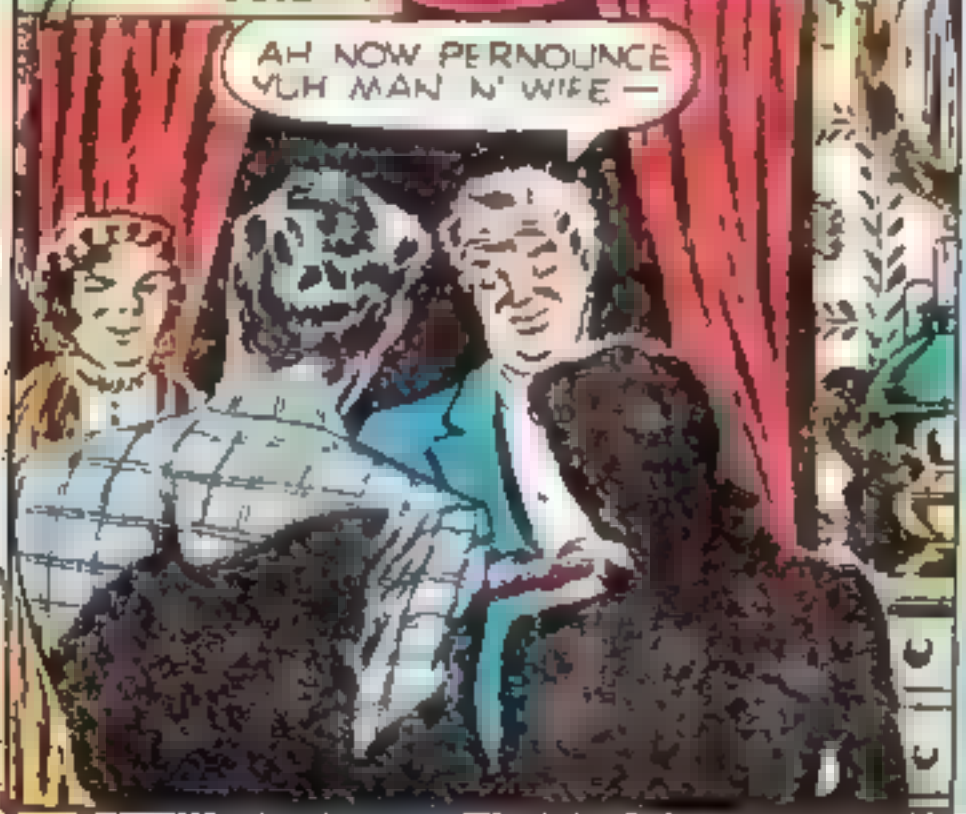
BUT IF WE'RE MARRIED THE LAW BOOK SAYS A WIFE DOESN'T HAVE TO TESTIFY AGAINST HER HUSBAND—SO WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED TONIGHT.

I'D RATHER IT WASN'T THIS WAY—BUT IT'S SOMETHIN' TO BE GETTIN' YUH AT LAST.

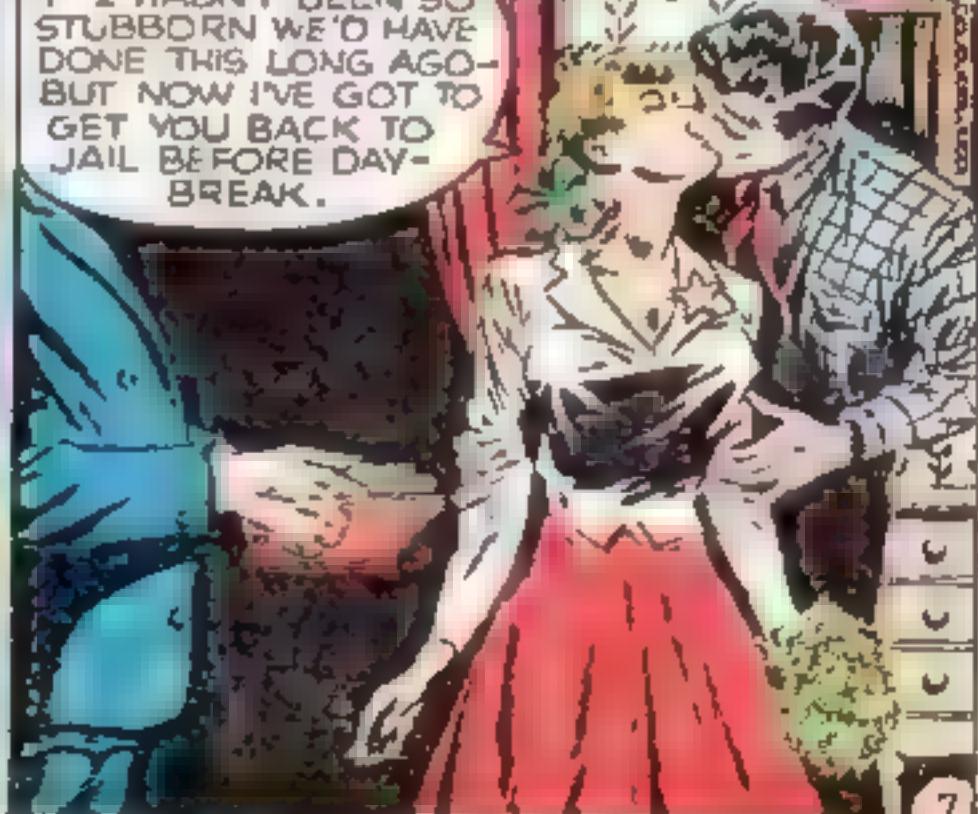


IN DRY GULCH...

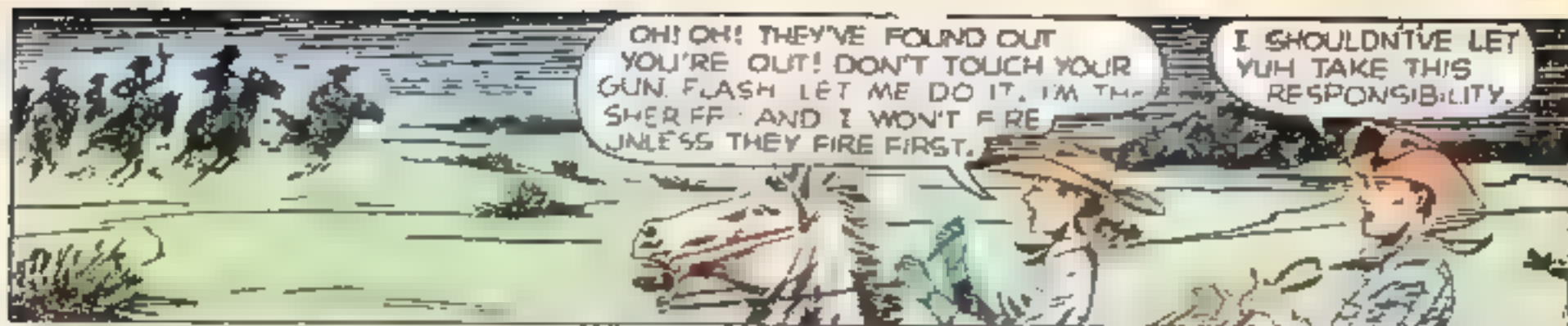
AH NOW PERNOUNCE YUH MAN N' WIFE—



IF I HADN'T BEEN SO STUBBORN WE'D HAVE DONE THIS LONG AGO—BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO GET YOU BACK TO JAIL BEFORE DAY-BREAK.

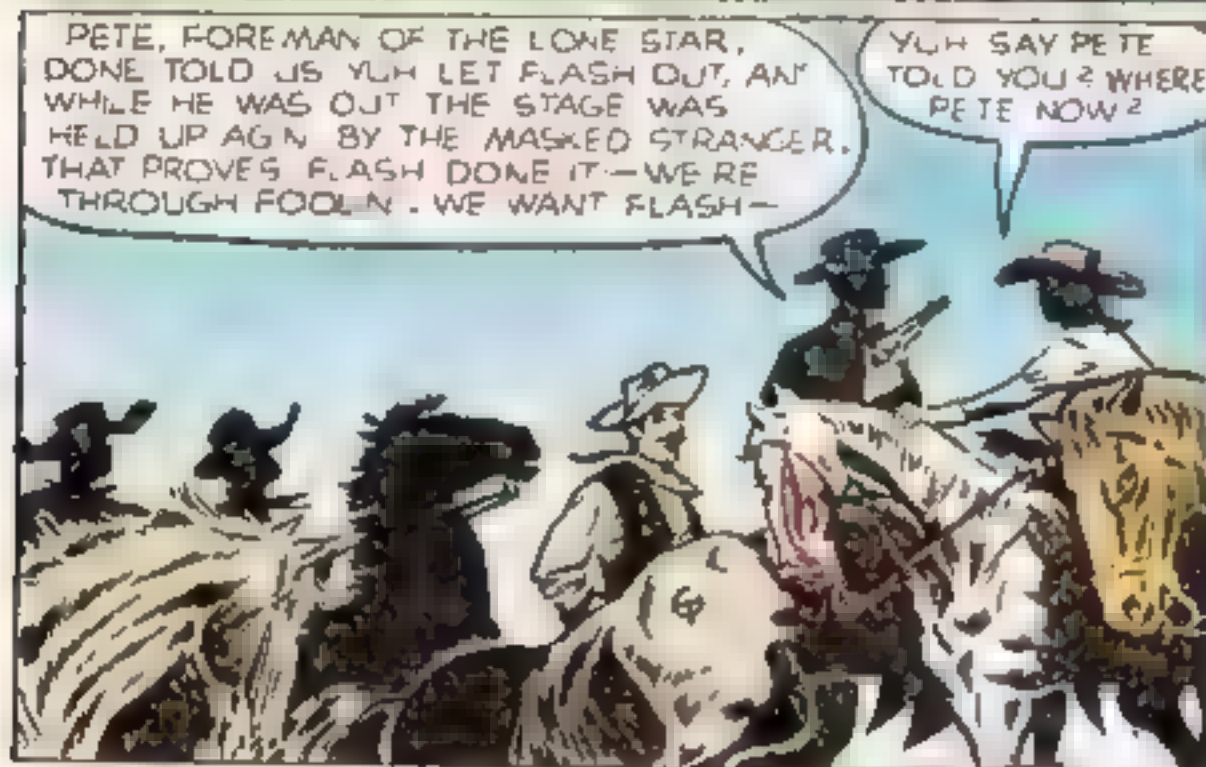






OH! OH! THEY'VE FOUND OUT YOU'RE OUT! DON'T TOUCH YOUR GUN, FLASH. LET ME DO IT. I'M THE SHERIFF AND I WON'T FIRE UNLESS THEY FIRE FIRST.

I SHOULDN'T'VE LET YUH TAKE THIS RESPONSIBILITY.



PETE, FOREMAN OF THE LONE STAR, DONE TOLD US YUH LET FLASH OUT, AN' WHILE HE WAS OUT THE STAGE WAS HELD UP AGN BY THE MASKED STRANGER. THAT PROVES FLASH DONE IT—WE'RE THROUGH FOOLIN'. WE WANT FLASH—

YUH SAY PETE TOLD YOU? WHERE'S PETE NOW?

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE? SAY—WHAR IS PETE?

LL TELL YOU WHAT DIFFERENCE IT MAKES! WE ALL WERE PRETTY DUMB NOT TO FIGURE IT OUT BEFORE. HOW'D PETE KNOW I'D LET FLASH OUT? HE MUST'VE BEEN SNEAKING AROUND THE JAIL, AND WHY? HE WAS PROBABLY GOING TO LET FLASH OUT HIMSELF—SO HE COULD BLAME THIS NEW ROBBERY ON HIM!



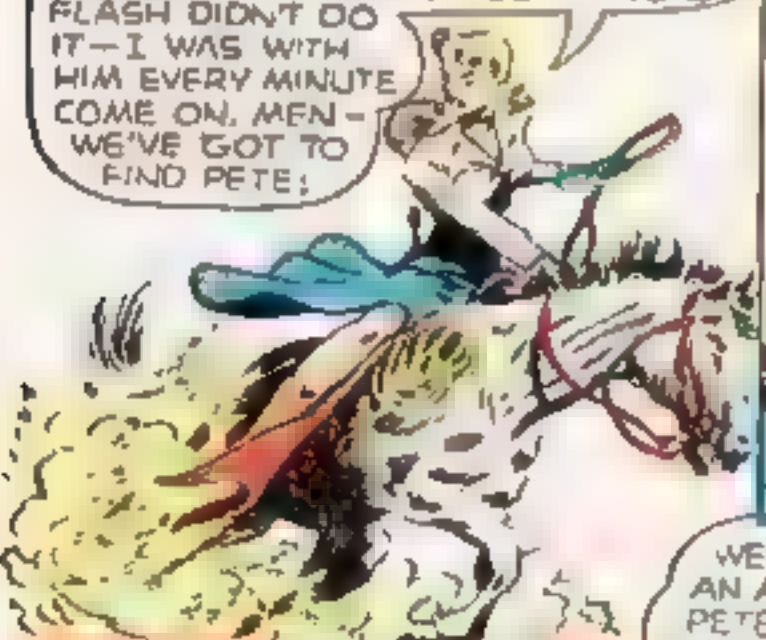
WHILE YOU GALDOOTS WAS CHASING FLASH AND TRYING TO STRING HIM UP, PETE WAS GETTING AWAY WITH TONIGHT'S ROBBERY. I CAN GIVE YOU MY WORD FLASH DIDN'T DO IT—I WAS WITH HIM EVERY MINUTE. COME ON, MEN—WE'VE GOT TO FIND PETE!



AFTER A WHILE

THERE HE IS! ROPE HIM, FLASH!

I'LL GIT HIM IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



WE SURE OWE FLASH AN APOLOGY! CATCHIN' PETE RED-HANDED THAT WAY, WITH THE MONEY ON HIM AN' HAVIN' HIM CONFESS, MAKES US OUT A BUNCH OF GREEN HORNS. AN' I GUESS OUR SHERIFF IS THE SMARTEST ONE IN THE COUNTRY.

THANKS, HEAPS, BOYS—BUT I'M RESIGNING. THE LAW READS THAT IF ONE CANDIDATE WITH-DRAWS, THE RUNNER-UP GETS THE JOB. FLASH IS MORE THAN THE RUNNER-UP—HE'S THE WINNER! I'M WITH-DRAWING AND RESIGNING TO BE JUST MRS. FLASH—THE SHERIFF'S WIFE!

SOUNDS LIKE A HAPPY ENDING—MRS. FLASH GANNON, PURTEST, SMARTEST WIFE IN RED DOG!



I GOT HIM!

EEEOWW!



The End



# Princess of the Rising Moon

I RODE OVER TO TALK TO YOU, PRINCESS. WON'T YOU WALK DOWN TO THE CREEK WITH ME?

OH, NAT! I-I SHOULDN'T. IT JUST MAKES THINGS HARDER.

I RODE ACROSS A VALLEY RANGE  
I HAD NOT SEEN FOR YEARS,  
THE TRAIL WAS ALL SO SPOILED  
AND STRANGE  
IT NEARLY FETCHED THE TEARS



YOU'VE BEEN AVOIDING ME 'AND NOW I HEAR YOU'RE GOIN' TO MARRY MEL GRIMSBY. I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, HONEY WHY, YOU'VE BEEN MY GIRL SINCE WE WERE KIDS!

IT'S SO HARD TO EXPLAIN, NAT...



YOU BET IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN! PEOPLE DON'T CHANGE OVERNIGHT. AT LEAST NOT PEOPLE LIKE US! . AND YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME.

PEOPLE **DO** CHANGE, NAT! . THEY MAY NOT MEAN TO, BUT THEY **DO**!





LIKE NAT, I KNEW THAT I WOULD NEVER CHANGE AS FAR AS OUR LOVE WAS CONCERNED... BUT I DIDN'T DARE LET HIM KNOW THAT!

IS IT BECAUSE YOU'VE BEGUN TO THINK THAT THE OWNER OF A LITTLE OUTFIT LIKE MINE ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR A GIRL WHOSE FATHER IS KING OF THE RANGE?

NAT! PLEASE! YOU KNOW IT ISN'T THAT!

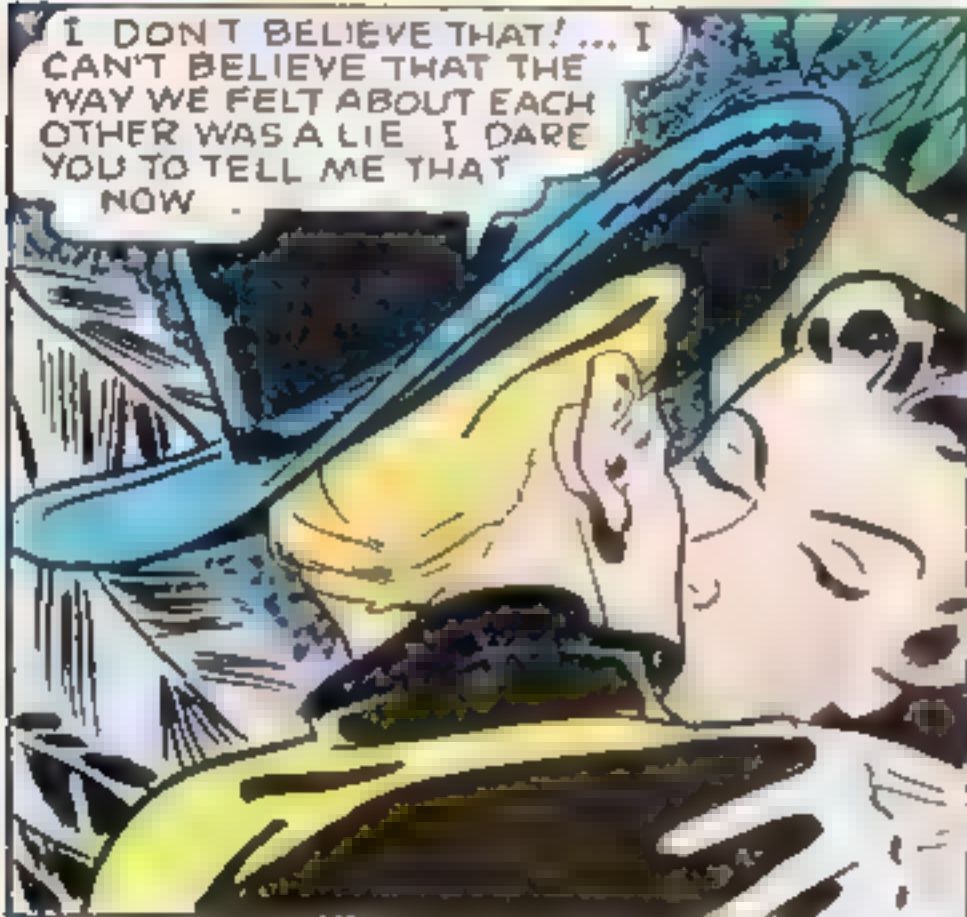


THEN WHAT IS IT? WHY ARE YOU GOIN' TO MARRY MEL GRIMSBY? YOU OWE IT TO ME TO TELL ME

WHY DO PEOPLE USUALLY MARRY? IT-- IT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE IN LOVE, ISN'T IT?

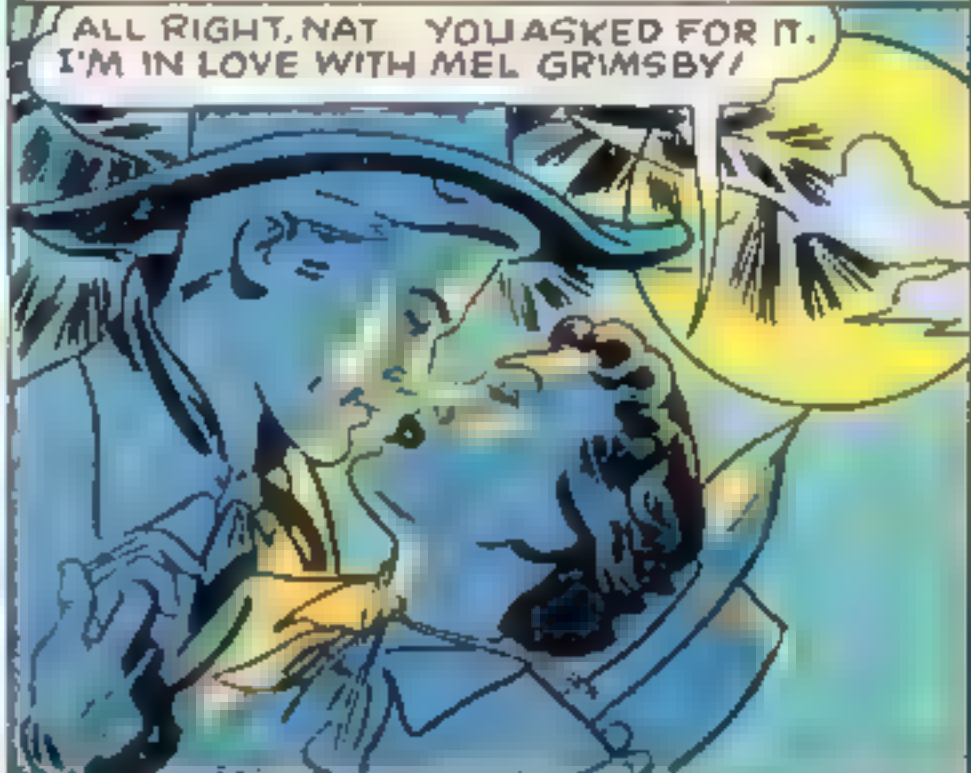


I DON'T BELIEVE THAT! ... I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT THE WAY WE FELT ABOUT EACH OTHER WAS A LIE. I DARE YOU TO TELL ME THAT NOW.



THE TOUCH OF HIS LIPS FILLED ME WITH FLAMING ECSTASY... BUT I TRIED TO HIDE THE WAY I FELT... I HAD TO LIE...

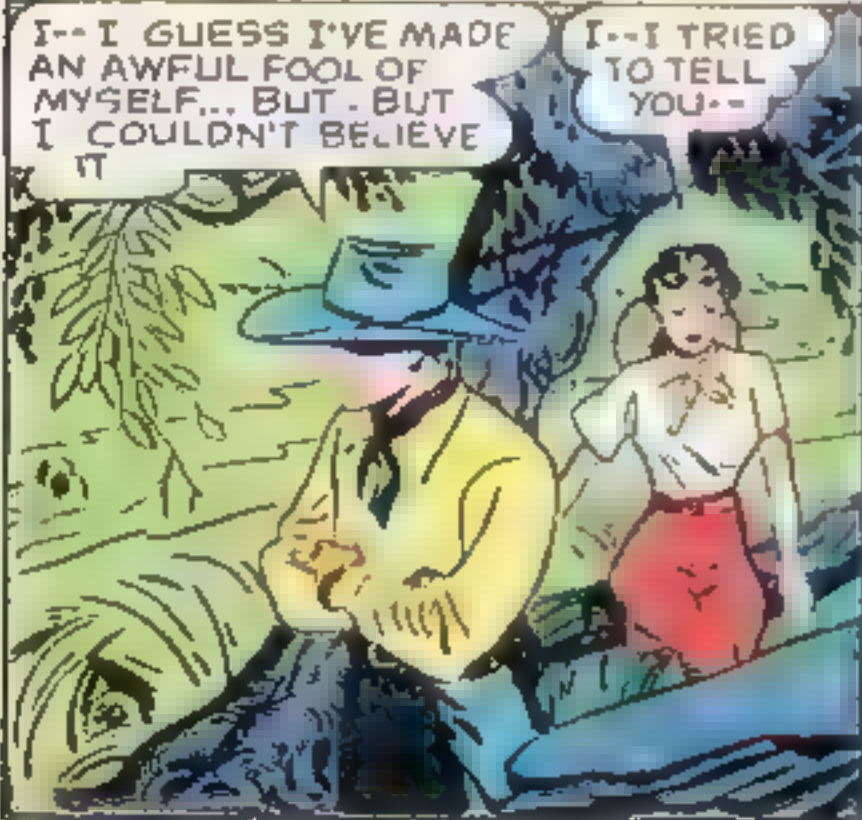
ALL RIGHT, NAT. YOU ASKED FOR IT. I'M IN LOVE WITH MEL GRIMSBY!



HIS ARMS FELL FROM AROUND ME. HE LOOKED STUNNED AND BEWILDERED.

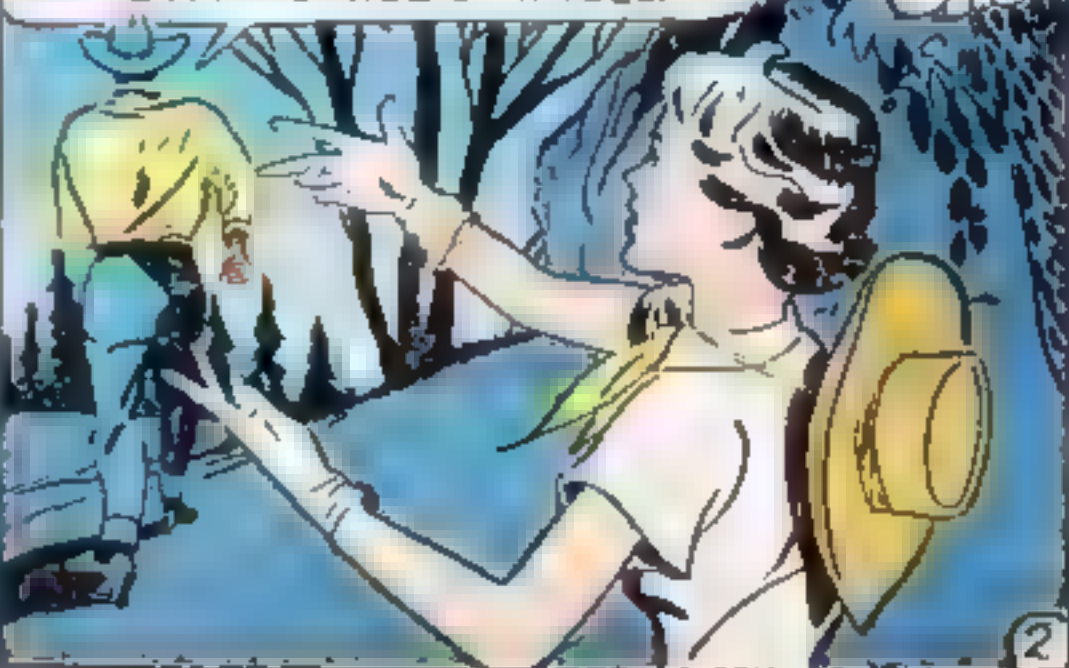
I-- I GUESS I'VE MADE AN AWFUL FOOL OF MYSELF... BUT - BUT I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

I-- I TRIED TO TELL YOU--



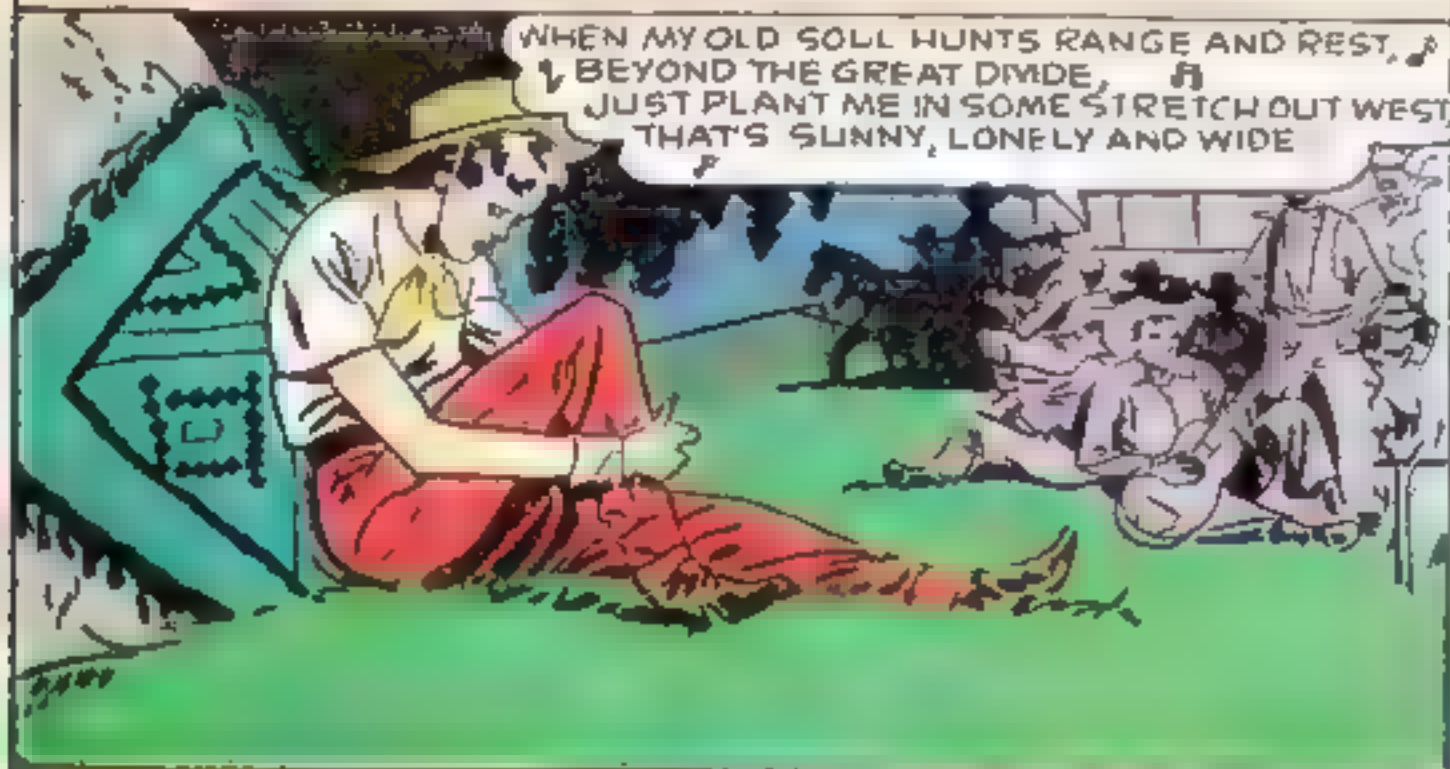
I-- I'M NOT SURE I'LL EVER BE ABLE TO BELIEVE IN ANYTHING AGAIN IF THE WAY WE FELT ABOUT EACH OTHER WAS PHONY -- THERE ISN'T ANYTHING REAL SO LONG, PRINCESS.. I WON'T BE BOTHERIN' YOU AGAIN. SORRY I MADE A NUISANCE OF MYSELF.

OH NAT MY DARLING I LOVE YOU SO!





AFTER NAT LEFT I WENT BACK TO THE CAMPFIRE BUT SAT FAR ENOUGH AWAY SO THAT NO ONE COULD SEE MY TEARS. I KNEW THAT MEL GRIMSBY WOULD BE HERE SOON.



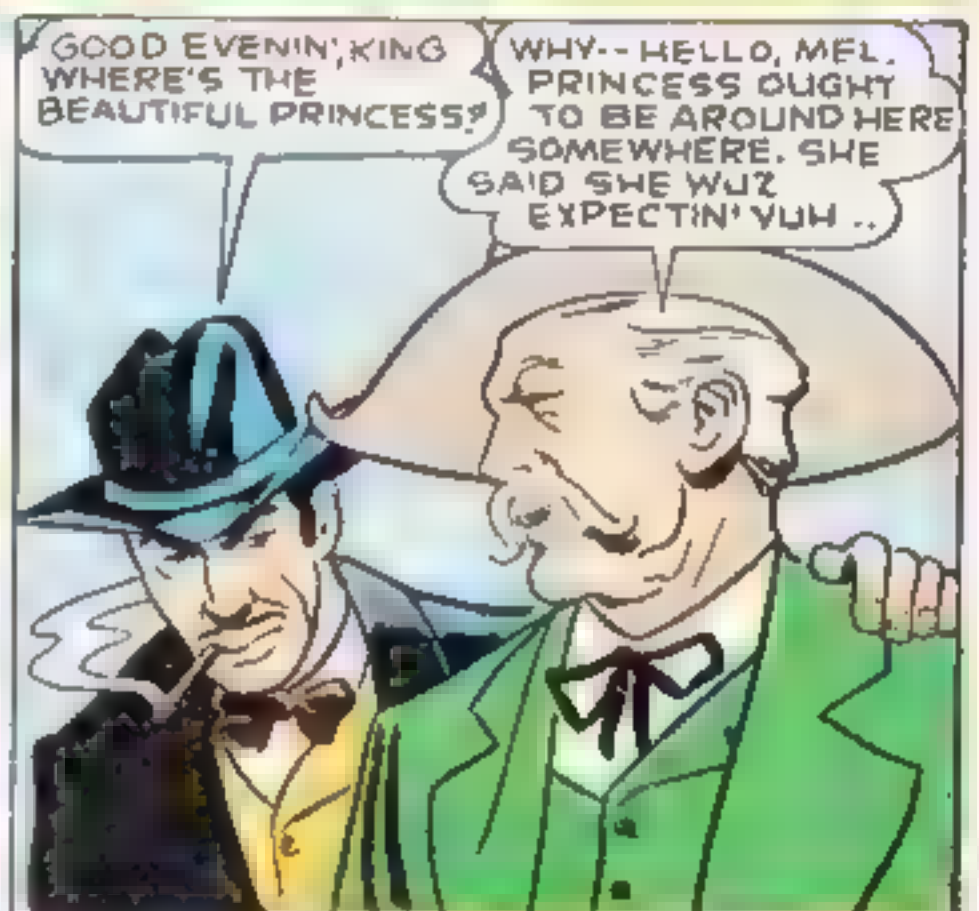
WHEN MY OLD SOUL HUNTS RANGE AND REST,  
BEYOND THE GREAT DIVIDE,  
JUST PLANT ME IN SOME STRETCH OUT WEST,  
THAT'S SUNNY, LONELY AND WIDE

MY FATHER'S WHOLE LIFE WAS WRAPPED UP IN THE RISING MOON RANCH. HE HAD ONCE BEEN THE MOST POWERFUL CATTLEMAN IN OUR PART OF THE COUNTRY AND HAD EARNED THE NAME "KING" WILLARD. NOW, NO ONE KNEW THAT KING WILLARD WAS BROKE AND THAT ACTUALLY MEL GRIMSBY, THE LOCAL BANKER, OWNED THE RISING MOON RANCH.



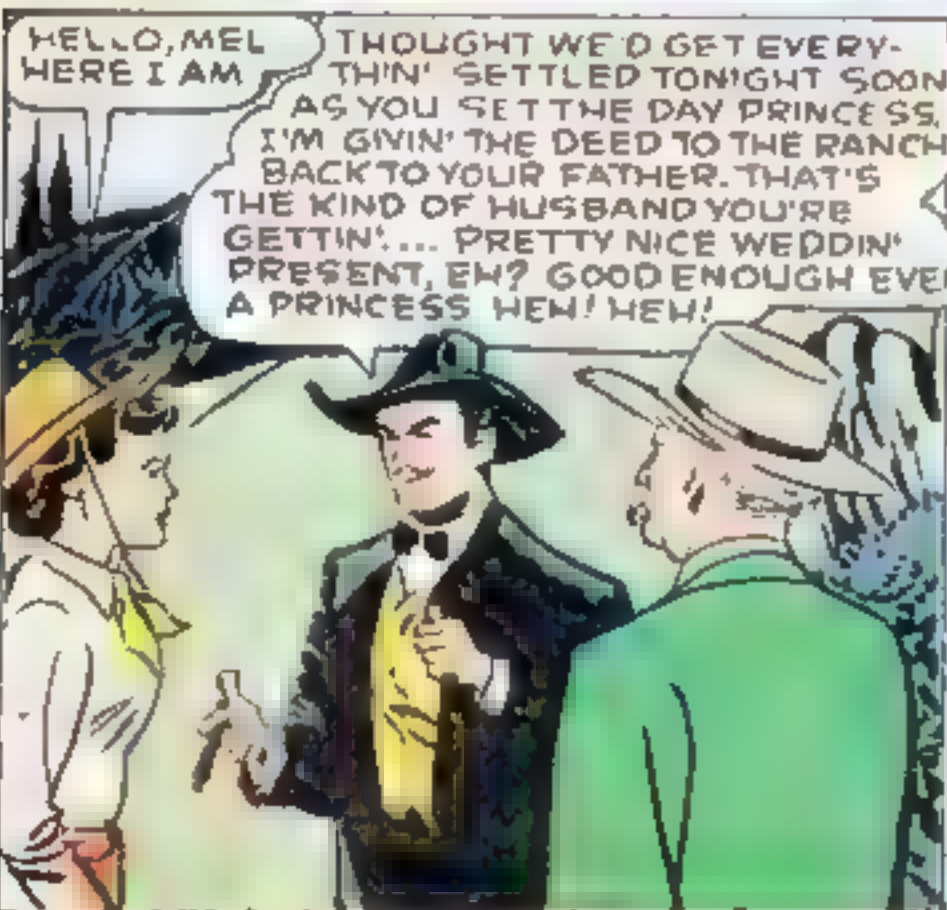
I LOVE THESE SONGS, BOYS THEY BIN SINGIN' 'EM ON THIS RANCH SINCE I WUZ A BOY. AN' I HOPE MY DAUGHTER'S CHILDREN WILL BE LISTENIN' TO 'EM, TOO

IT WOULD KILL DAD TO HAVE TO LEAVE THE RANCH



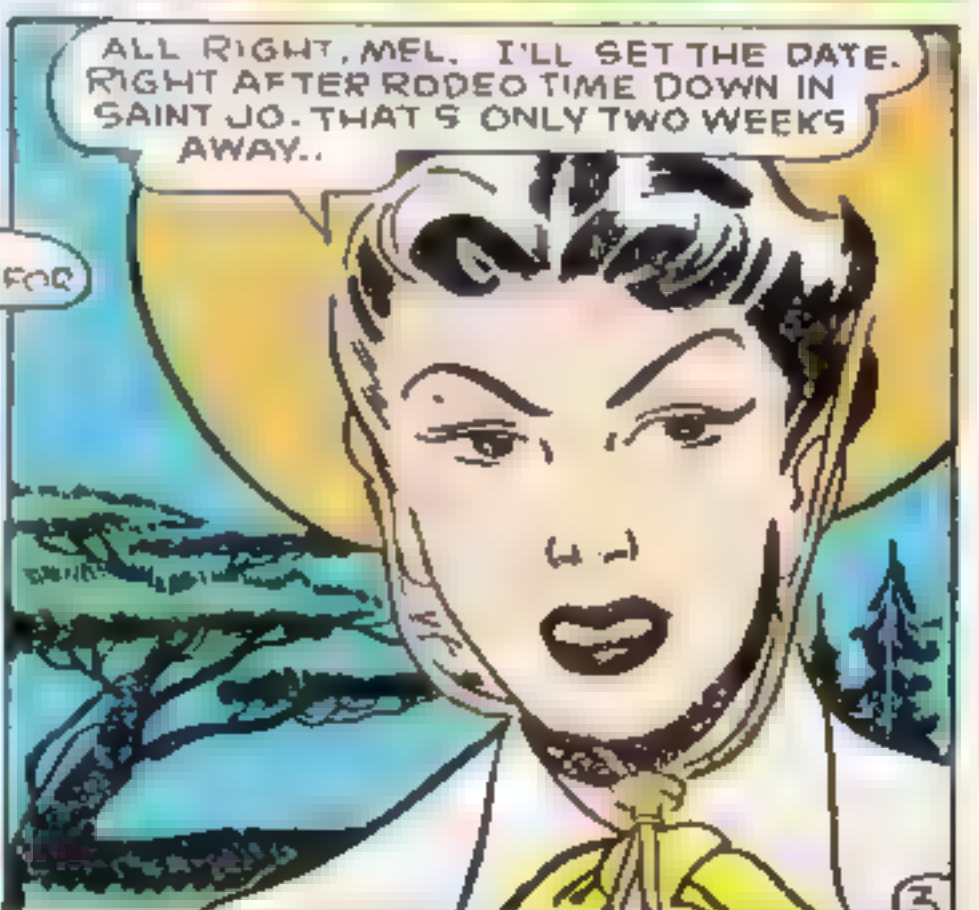
GOOD EVENIN', KING WHERE'S THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS?

WHY-- HELLO, MEL. PRINCESS OUGHT TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. SHE SAID SHE WUZ EXPECTIN' YUH ..



HELLO, MEL HERE I AM

THOUGHT WE'D GET EVERYTHIN' SETTLED TONIGHT SOON AS YOU SET THE DAY PRINCESS. I'M GIVIN' THE DEED TO THE RANCH BACK TO YOUR FATHER. THAT'S THE KIND OF HUSBAND YOU'RE GETTIN'... PRETTY NICE WEDDIN' PRESENT, EH? GOOD ENOUGH EVEN FOR A PRINCESS HEH! HEH!



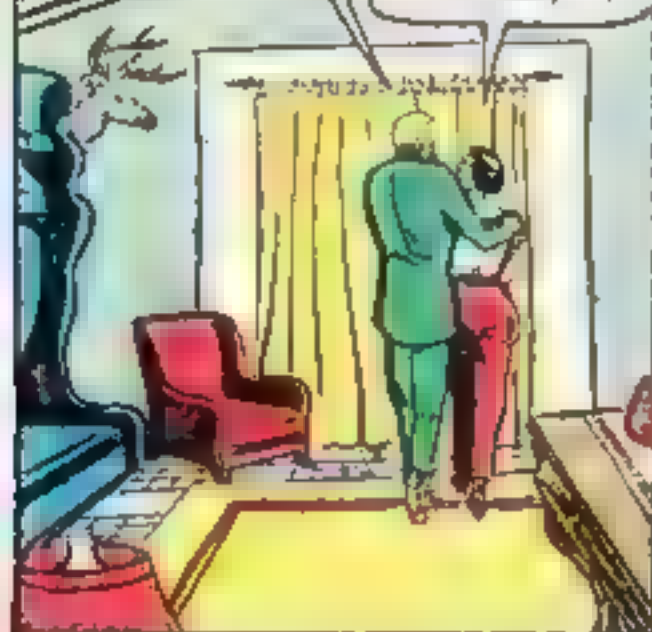
ALL RIGHT, MEL. I'LL SET THE DATE. RIGHT AFTER RODEO TIME DOWN IN SAINT JO. THAT'S ONLY TWO WEEKS AWAY..



THAT NIGHT AFTER MEL WENT BACK TO TOWN.

YOU--YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL BE HAPPY WITH MEL, PRINCESS?

OF--OF COURSE, DAD!



I NAMED YOU PRINCESS BECAUSE THEY CALLED ME "KING" AND I FELT THAT SOME DAY THE RISING MOON WOULD BE A LITTLE KINGDOM YOU WOULD RULE OVER AS I DID-- BUT LITTLE BY LITTLE I LOST IT BY BORROWING FROM MEL-- NOW IT WILL BE YOURS AGAIN BY MARRYING HIM...



I NEVER WANTED A KINGDOM, DAD BUT I KNOW HOW MUCH IT MEANS TO YOU...

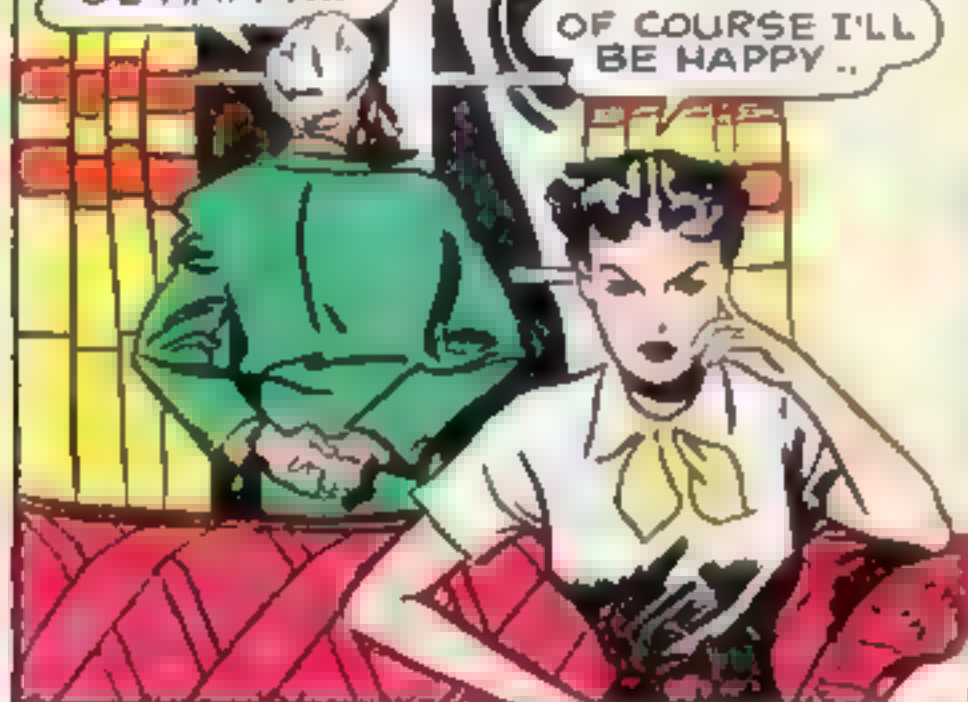
I HATE HAVIN' PEOPLE KNOW I'M A FAILURE...

THAT I'VE LOST MY POWER AND MY LAND AND MY CATTLE...



I-- I'M NOT ALWAYS SURE ABOUT MEL'S BUSINESS METHODS. SOMETIMES I THINK HE KINDA TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ME. BUT HE CAN GIVE YOU 'MOST EVERYTHIN' HE'S A WEALTHY MAN. YOU-- YOU OUGHTA BE HAPPY...

OF COURSE I'LL BE HAPPY..



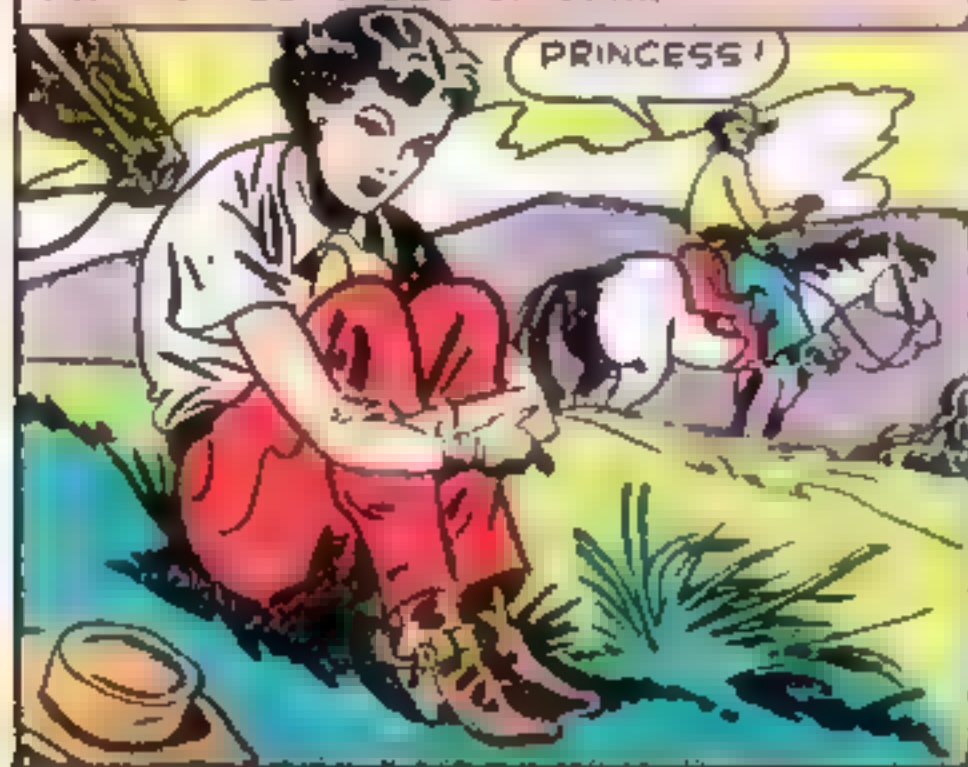
BUT ACTUALLY I KNEW THAT I HATED AND FEARED MEL GRIMSBY... AND AS THE DAYS PASSED, THE THOUGHT OF MARRYING HIM GREW MORE AND MORE TERRIBLE....

OH, NAT... HOW HAPPY I COULD BE DOWN THERE ON THAT LITTLE RANCH OF YOURS. TO BE MRS. NAT LANGFORD AS I ALWAYS DREAMED OF BEING..



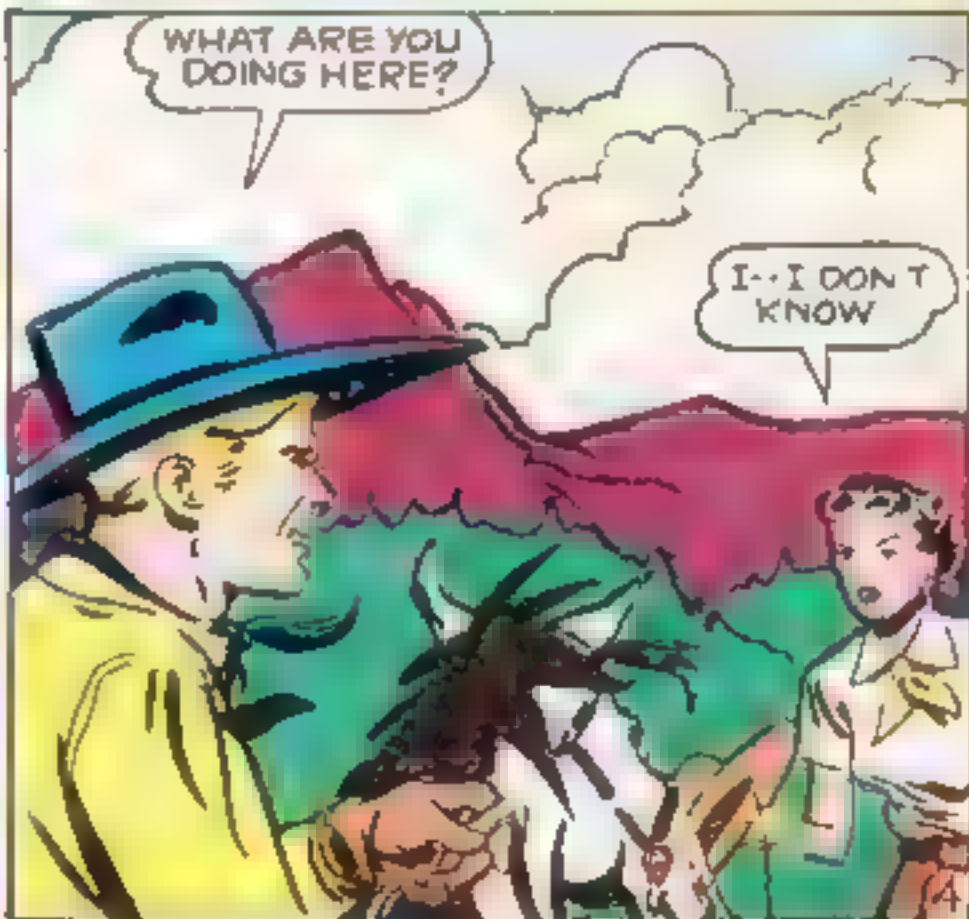
NAT WOULD NEVER KNOW THE HOURS I SPENT UP HERE, DREAMING OF THE PAST.. DREADING THE FUTURE AND TRYING TO GET MY LAST GLIMPSES OF HIM...

PRINCESS!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I-- I DON'T KNOW





HAVING NAT COME UPON ME SO SUDDENLY LEFT ME CONFUSED AND DEFENSELESS...

WHETHER YOU HATE ME FOR IT OR NOT... I'VE GOT TO DO THIS. I LOVE YOU SO-- I CAN'T GET OVER IT.

I--I CAN'T GET OVER LOVING YOU EITHER NAT



WHAT-- DID-- YOU-- SAY? SAY THAT AGAIN-- I MUST BE HEARIN' THINGS. I'VE BEEN DREAMIN' TOO LONG!

I--I DIDN'T MEAN TO SAY IT!



BUT YOU SAID IT-- AN' THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME!

NAT, PLEASE---



I DO LOVE YOU, NAT BUT I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE EASIER FOR BOTH OF US IF I PRETENDED I DIDN'T... BECAUSE... I CAN'T MARRY YOU... I'VE GOT TO MARRY MEL FOR DAD'S SAKE. IT WOULD KILL HIM TO LOSE THE RISING MOON



I TOLD NAT THE STORY. HOW WHEN THINGS WERE BAD, MEL HAD LOANED DAD MORE AND MORE MONEY AND TAKEN MORTGAGES ON THE RANCH....

OH, GOLLY IF I ONLY HAD THE MONEY TO GET THE PLACE BACK FOR HIM... BUT EVEN MORTGAGING MY OWN PLACE WOULDN'T DO IT. BUT I WON'T LET YOU MARRY HIM, DARLING... NOT NOW THAT I KNOW YOU LOVE ME...

YOU CAN'T STOP ME, NAT. I HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT....



I LOVE YOU, MY DARLING BUT DAD IS OLD AND PROUD AND I'M GOING TO MARRY MEL.

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. I'LL BE RIDIN' DOWN THERE IN THE RODEO AT SAINT JO NEXT WEEK... AND YOU WON'T BE MARRYIN' MEL GRIMSBY!





THE RODEO AT SAINT JO BROUGHT TOGETHER SOME OF THE BEST RIDERS ON THE RANGE.

YOU BOYS DO THE HARD WORK AND I CLEAN UP THE DOUGH I'VE Hired THE BEST RIDER IN THE STATE TO COME UP FROM GALVESTON AND I'M PUTTIN' MY MONEY ON HIM.



I'M BETTIN' ON MYSELF AGAINST YOUR MAN IN THE ROPEIN' CONTEST, GRIMSBY. AN' IF I WIN THAT ONE, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THE NEXT CONTEST.

THIS WILL BE LIKE TAKIN' MONEY FROM A BABY, LANGFORD. THE MAN I GOT UP HERE IS CHAMP LEROY.

PLEASE.. NAT.. YOU'LL JUST LOSE YOUR MONEY



I KNEW THAT NAT WAS A GOOD RIDER AND ROPEER. BUT CHAMP LEROY WAS A PROFESSIONAL..



OH, NAT..

NAT WON!

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN AGAIN IN A HUNDRED YEARS!

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE BET ON THE NEXT ONE?



THAT NIGHT IN THE LOBBY OF THE SAINT JO HOTEL

I'VE TAKEN QUITE A BIT OF MONEY AWAY FROM YOU TODAY, GRIMSBY.. LOOKS LIKE EVEN CHAMPIONS CAN'T ALWAYS WIN..

YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY SMART, DON'T YOU, LANGFORD? WELL, IT DON'T TAKE BRAINS TO RIDE AND ROPE AND RACE. HOW ABOUT A LITTLE GAME OF CARDS?

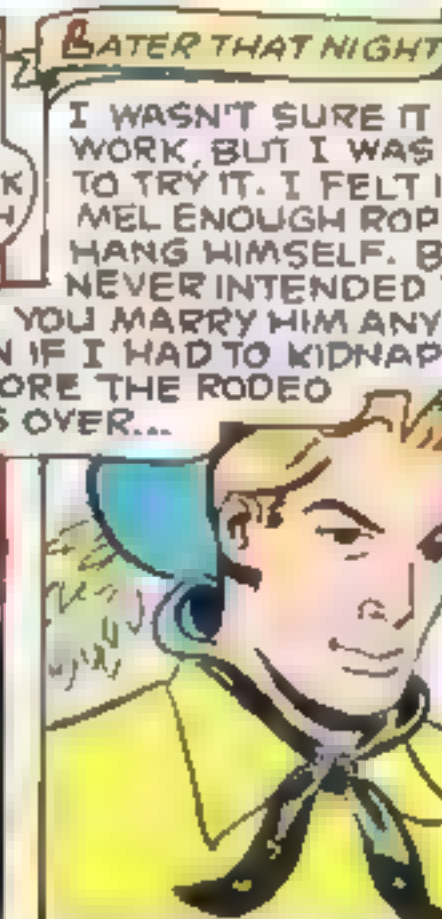
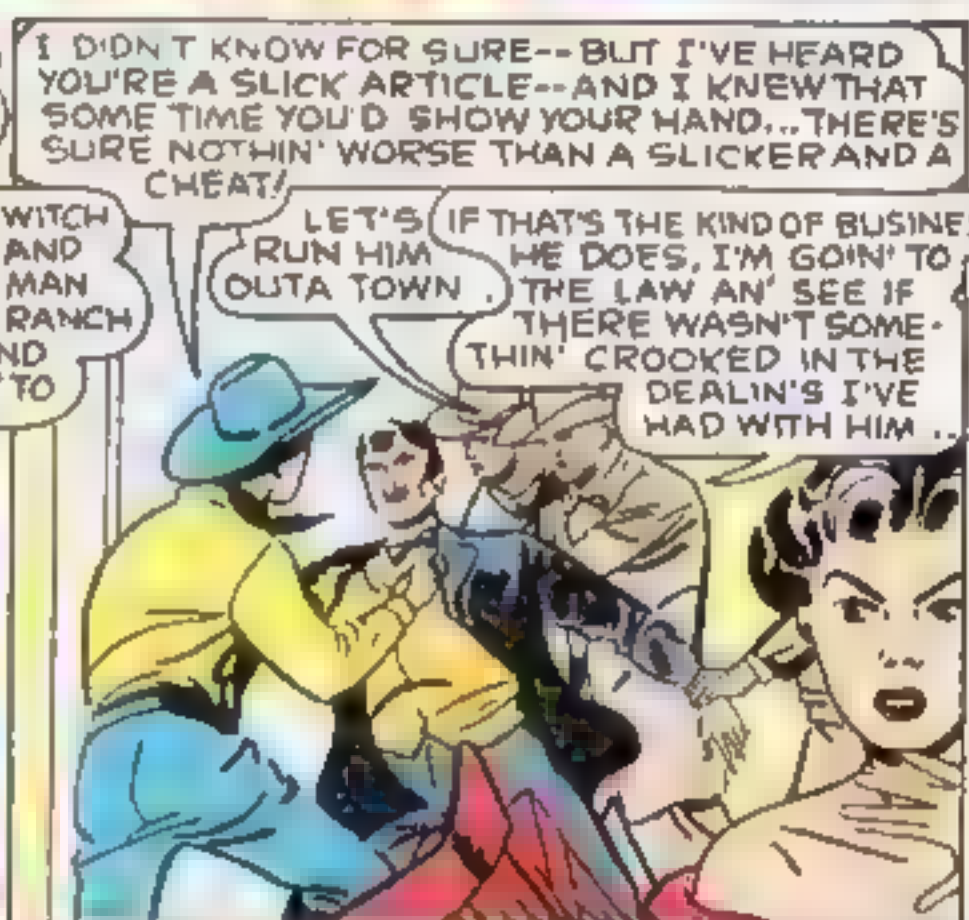
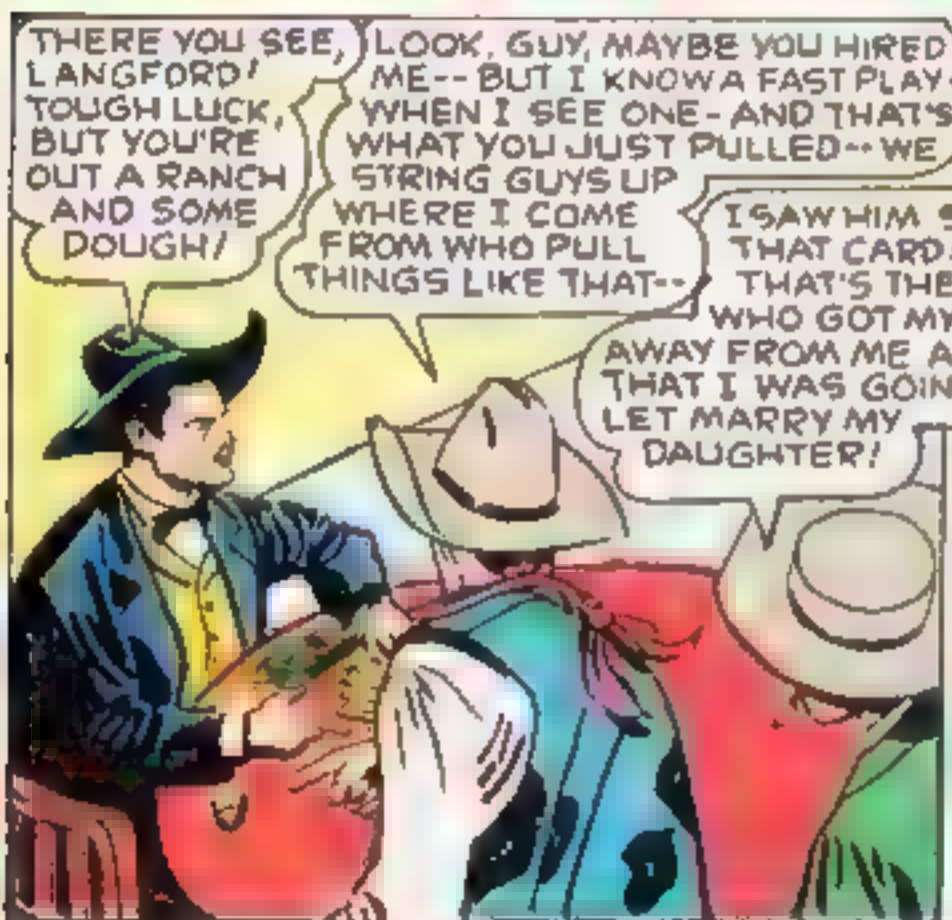
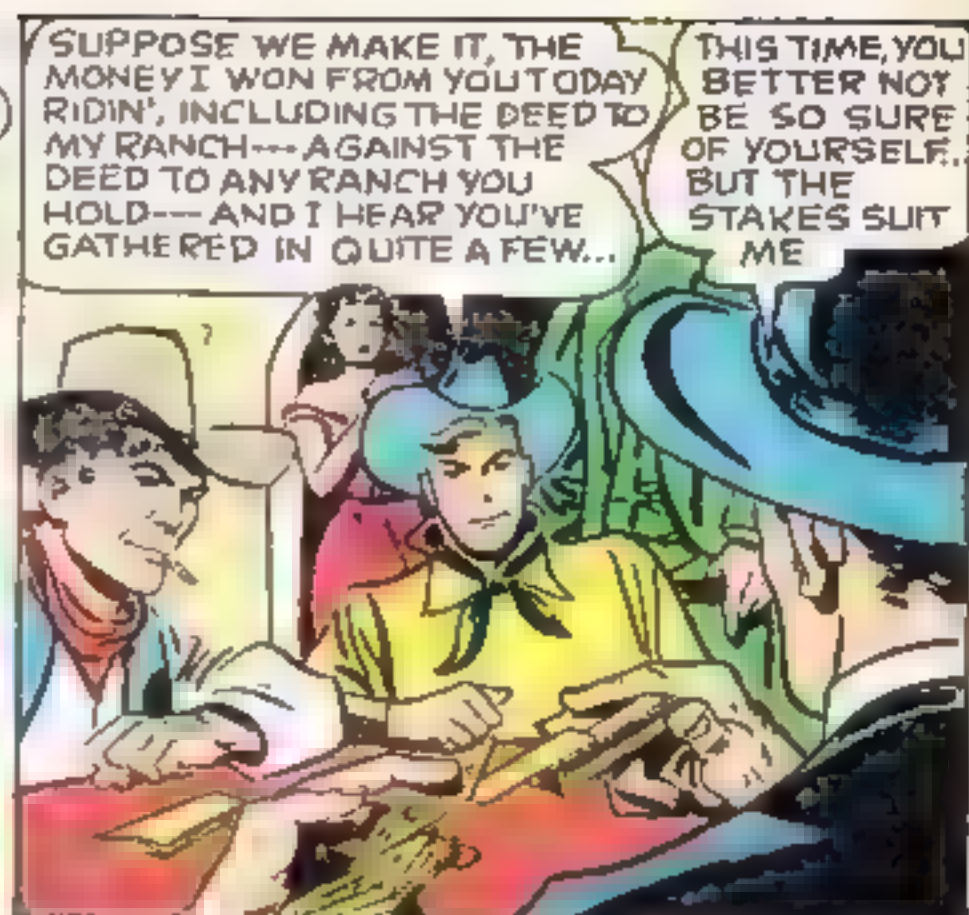
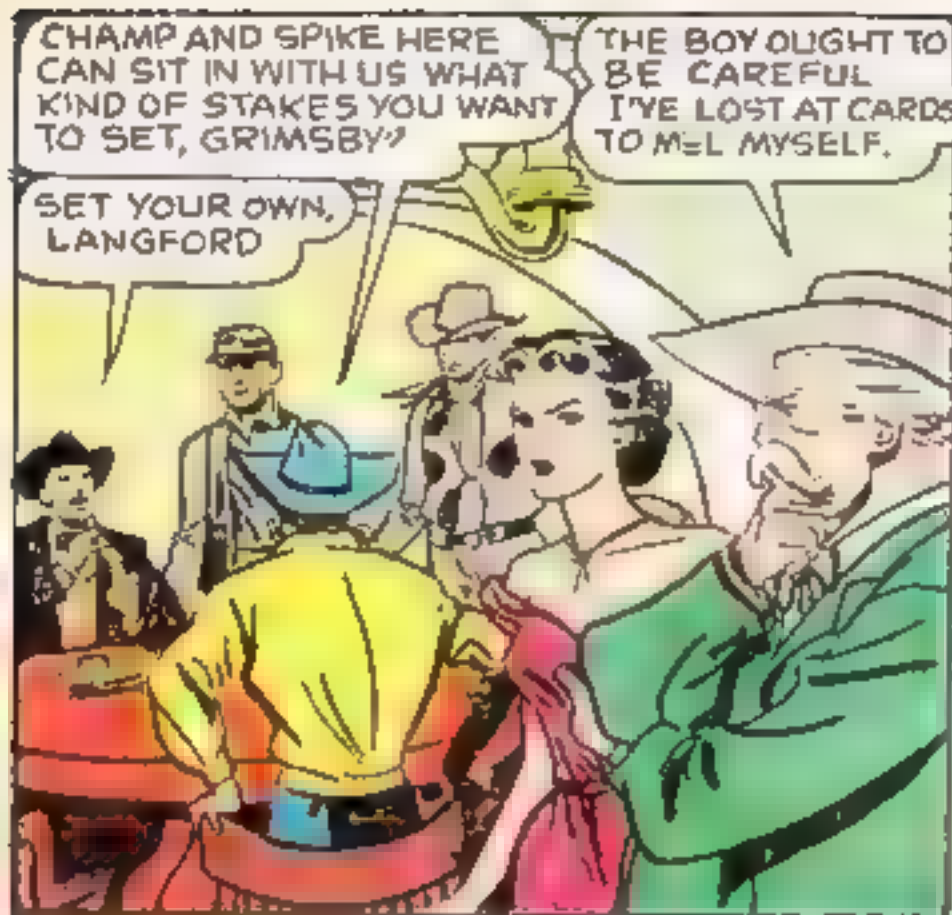
NO, NAT! DON'T!



OKAY, GRIMSBY, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU LIKE TO DO THINGS, I DON'T LIKE GAMBLIN' MYSELF... BUT I'VE HEARD YOU NEVER LIKE TO ACKNOWLEDGE YOU'RE LICKED AND IF YOU CAN'T WIN ONE WAY, YOU WILL ANOTHER.









# DOUBLE-CROSS COURTSHIP

Atop the mountain range the blizzard raged, but in the foothills the wind died to a whisper. No snow fell from the leaden skies. At a patch of level ground, swept free of snow, three riders halted their jaded mounts.

Swinging off, the men shook snow from their clothes, stamped half-frozen feet. The rangy, beak-nosed fellow clawed icicles from his black beard. Against his dark features, a jagged white streak scarred his left temple.

"Winter shore was whoopin' it up, but we made it over the pass." His harsh voice lifted with satisfaction.

"And no John Law can plow his way through them drifts," spoke up the second man with pale, unwinking eyes. "Plum safe for the winter," he went on. "Gotta find a place to hole up here in Hagen's Hole."

"I tole you we'd find a rustlers' camp or some-thin'," returned Scar.

The third man said nothing. Younger by far than the other two, he was a slender blond lad scarcely out of his teens, with clear blue eyes and wind-reddened face unmarred by dissipation. That bank job back in Rambler, now sixty miles behind, had been his first venture outside the law; and he hadn't known there would be murder done.

These two hard-bitten outlaws had made it sound so simple when they met young Rod Kent, broke, out of a job and sore at the world. He'd just hold the horses while the two of them went in and held up the cashier and got the loot. Not a shot would be fired and they'd be miles out of town before the alarm was sounded.

But the holdup hadn't worked out that way. For there'd been a customer in the bank who'd gone for his gun, so Scar and White Eye said afterwards. They drilled him and the cashier and fled without the money, for the shots attracted armed men.

The three had fled in a hail of singing lead which failed to find its mark. Rod Kent almost wished a shot had found him. Only the coming of night had saved the fugitives from the chasing posse. Scar had led the way to the pass over Blizzard Range. All night their horses had wallowed knee-deep through snowbanks. Wallowed through the blackest of nights and a raging storm. Nevertheless, Scar had brought them through to safety.

The lad relaxed and his keen glance searched this depression in which he now found himself. Hagen's Hole, a deep basin surrounded by mountains; its monotonous white expanse relieved only by the blue of pine on the slopes. Far away in a meadow could be seen blurred shapes of cattle, beyond them a plume of wood smoke lifted toward the sodden sky.

"A ranch!" exclaimed Kent. "Feed for our horses!"

"We seen it," returned Scar curtly. "Fire to warm

us and grub to eat."

They climbed stiffly to their saddles and goaded their tired horses to a trot. There wasn't a spurt of speed left in any of the animals. Two of them showed welts and spur wounds.

Abuse of the horses was not all Rod Kent disliked about the two bandits. He wondered how he'd survive a winter holed up with these killers.

From a ridge they dropped down into a narrow valley dotted with haystacks and cut by a stream. They came upon the cattle—about two hundred head. In the lee of a hill stood the ranch buildings; log house, barn, shed, set of pole corrals. A man sawed firewood in front of the house. Now he ceased work, straightened up and looked at the newcomers.

"Howdy, men?" greeted the rancher who was an old man but still hale and hearty with the ruddy glow of health showing in his red cheeks above his whiskers.

"Howdy?" spoke Scar. "Can you put us up?"

The rancher hesitated a moment before he said "For overnight, yes."

"Good!" Scar returned. But he didn't turn his horse toward the stable. Instead he remarked casually "Maybe you'd rather we stayed with some of your close neighbors?"

No close neighbors," informed the rancher. "None closer than seven miles. Your horses couldn't take another jaunt."

Rod had seen the eyes of Scar and White Eye meet for a split second. Something was in the wind which he didn't savvy.

"Still maybe your family won't care to take on the extra work of feedin' us," Scar spoke again.

"Ho ho," the rancher laughed. "I'm a bachelor. You'll do your own cookin' here."

Still the outlaw boss didn't turn toward the stable. "Beds enough for us as well as your hired hands?" he inquired.

The ranchman was plainly puzzled. "Don't worry. I got an extra bed, and the kid can double with me. I have no hired man. But why this palav—"

Out of its holster came White Eye's Colt and flamed. Its roar cut into the old man's query. It ripped the silence, rousing echoes from the hills. Kent scarcely heard the report, he was staring thunder-struck at the old graybeard who was now slumped in a heap—dead.

Scar Seymour reached over and plucked Rod's gun from its holster before Rod knew what was happening. "I'll just take this hogleg to keep you from makin' any damn fool play, kid," Scar said quietly.

At last Kent found his voice and blazed "Why'd you do it?"

Scar shrugged. "So's we can hole up here. White Eye, look in the shanty for the old-timer's guns.



"Taint safe to trust our side-pard with a lead chucker at present."

Four days had passed. Kent had been feeding the cattle, since Scar had condemned them to death by starvation. They'd given Kent permission to hitch the hayrick because they knew he couldn't run out on them, what with no trails broken and no place to go.

So Rod Kent was doing all the work; cooking, washing, wood rustling. The two bandits rested, smoking, eating, drinking by the fire. And Rod was glad to keep busy since it eased his tortured mind. If only he hadn't thrown in with these killers. What could he do now that all the trails were snow-locked? He had no snowshoes to get over the mountain with. And Scar was watching him, seeing to it he never got his hands on a gun.

On this fourth afternoon, as he finished washing the dinner dishes and was throwing the dishwater out of the door, an electric thrill ran through him. Someone on skis was coasting down the hill into the valley. Rod glanced covertly into the second room of the house. Scar and White Eye hadn't seen the newcomer yet. Rod had to warn him. But as he darted out a voice came floating across the clear air: "Yo-ho, Uncle Billy!"

Rod Kent's heart stopped, then hammered wildly against his ribs. The voice was a girl's, although the figure was dressed in men's clothing. Scar and White Eye had bounded outside at the hail. The girl was coming steadily closer. White Eye stepped up to Rod. "Get back in the kitchen and keep outa this!"

Rod half lifted his arm and thought better of it. He was only a slight youth and his blow would have been as ineffectual as a calf's battling a bull.

"How do you do, strangers? So Uncle Billy's got company. That's nice. Where is he?" How cheery the voice of the girl. She was about eighteen, fresh and gloriously alive and strikingly pretty. Altogether adorable.

Scar's smooth voice answered her. "Why, he's gone. He sold out to us. I'm Frank Seymour and this is my partner, John White. Er—you see we don't know our neighbors yet."

"I'm Nancy Holmes." The girl's voice was no longer happy. "It's strange about Uncle Billy. Where did he go?"

"Over the pass." Scar waved a vague hand. "Where do you live, Miss Nancy? How many are there in your family, on your ranch?"

"Mother, Dad and I live about seven miles over that way. I just don't know what to think of Uncle Billy. He wasn't my real uncle, but we were great pals. He should have come to see us before he left. Who else is here in the house?"

Scar didn't answer, but Rod could see that he and White Eye were sending each other eyebrow messages. And Rod's keen ears caught a low aside: "Only three of 'em." Put ole man and lady outa the way and cut cards to see which of us gets the girl."

Kent's body was cold as ice, his brain on fire. On the balls of his feet he moved like a shadow into the farther room. Scar was answering the girl: "Only one hired man—the pot wrassler. No, don't go inside, missy. How about a kiss right now? You're the—"

There was an unexpected sound at the door farther along the wall of the house—the living room door. The sound a rifle makes when a shell is levered into the firing chamber. Scar dropped the girl's arms and whirled to face the sound. So did White Eye, with his Colt in his fist. Perhaps in that second both renegades realized that for once they had been negligent. In their haste to jump outside at the girl's call they had left behind the murdered rancher's rifle!

"Up!" clipped Rod Kent. "And be quick about it!"

White Eye's .45 roared an answer. Kent's rifle spoke at the same instant. The slug from the Colt ripped through Kent's left side, turning him halfway around, but the rifle bullet plowed into the head of the pale-eyed bandit.

Rod Kent fought off overpowering dizziness. His left hand refused to do his bidding, and with his right he levered a second shell into his weapon. Across the sights of his gun he saw Scar struggling furiously to get out his Colt.

And Scar's Colt stuck in its holster because the girl tried to grab his gun. But she succeeded only in ramming the weapon deep into its holster. It was this which saved Rod Kent's life. For he was ready to pull the trigger once again just as Scar's .45 cleared leather and belched fire. The two reports sounded as one. Rifle in hand, Kent staggered forward and fell. To him the girl looked to be all eyes in a chalk-white face. Then her face like everything else vanished.

From the limbo of darkness, Rod drifted back to semiconsciousness. Someone was forcing hot coffee between his stiff lips. The young cowboy opened heavy eyes, looking into those of the girl. They were in the cabin, yet when he had seen her last, they were all outside—he, she, and the two bandits. She was taking care of him. She wanted him to come back!

He muttered thoughts as they swirled through his brain. "They said they wouldn't kill, but they did! They killed two in the bank. I had to stay with them then and run for my life. They shot the old man here. I didn't know they were going to. But it was Uncle Billy's gun that got them at last!"

The girl brushed her hand across her moist eyes. "Don't try to talk, cowboy. You're going to live, be—"

"I want to live for you. But—I was with them killers, and the Sheriff—"

"With them, but not of them," explained Nancy. "I'll tell the Sheriff what you did today. Then what you did before won't matter."

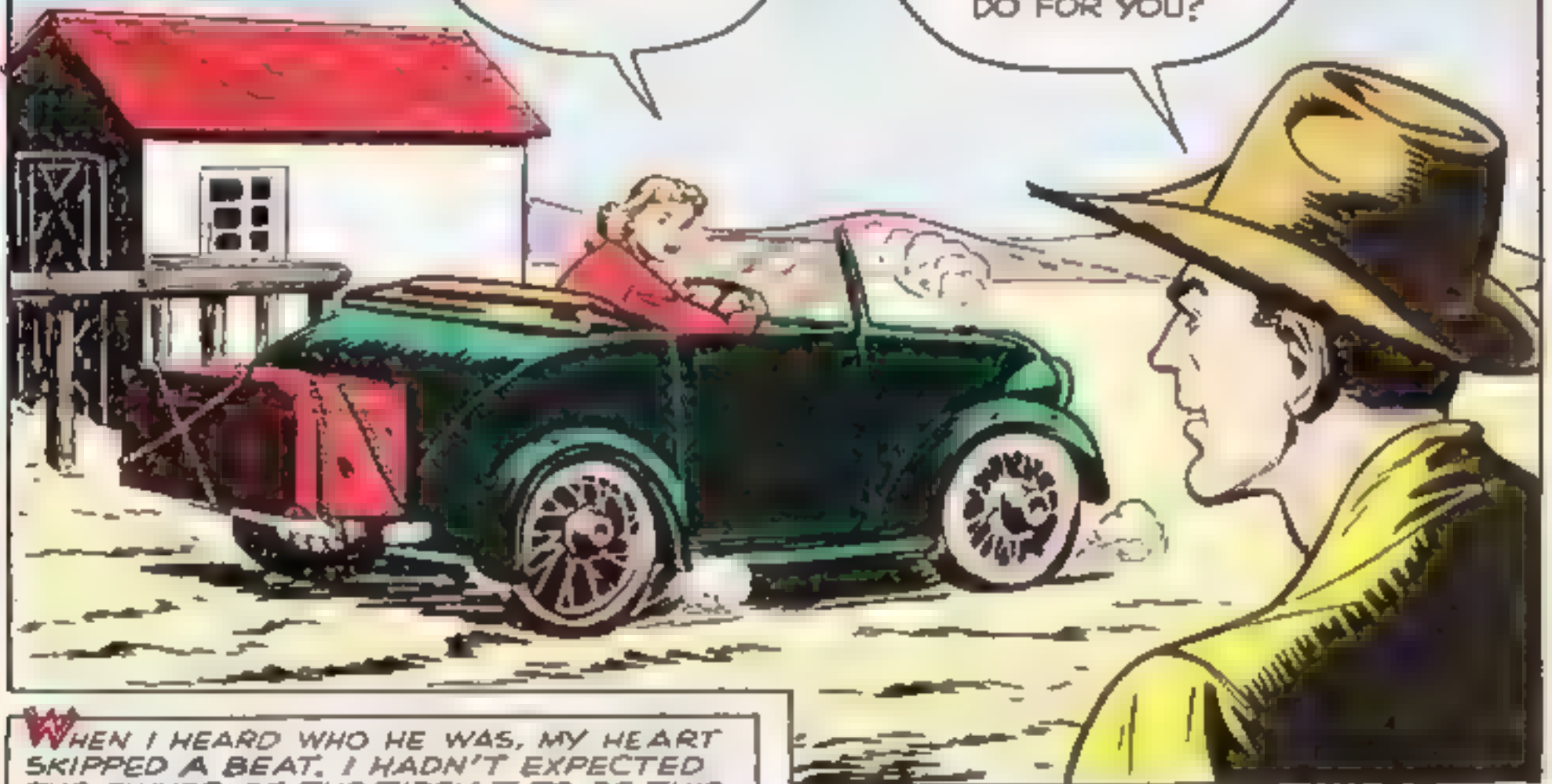
Red Kent's pale features lighted with an indescribable joy. "Nancy, with you on my side I know I can begin again. Out of the darkness and storm to this!"



# ROMANCE ON THE RANGE

THIS IS THE  
TIPSY T RANCH,  
ISN'T IT? I'M  
LOOKING FOR  
MR. GIL McCOY.

THIS IS THE  
TIPSY T ALL RIGHT,  
MA'AM, AN' I'M  
GIL McCOY.  
WHAT CAN I  
DO FOR YOU?



WHEN I HEARD WHO HE WAS, MY HEART  
SKIPPED A BEAT. I HADN'T EXPECTED  
THE OWNER OF THE TIPSY T TO BE THIS  
YOUNG OR THIS HANDSOME....

UNCLE JED WATT  
AT THE GENERAL STORE  
IN MUD CREEK SAID  
YOU SENT WORD DOWN  
FOR A COOK--AND HE  
TOLD ME TO COME  
ON OUT. I'M  
MONTANA  
KENDALL.

WHOA,  
THERE!



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER,  
MR. McCOY?

WHY, THAT OLD FOOL!...  
BEG PARDON, MA'AM...  
BUT UNCLE JED  
OUGHT'VE KNOWN  
BETTER THAN TO  
SEND A GIRL--A  
PRETTY GIRL  
LIKE YOU!





WHAT'S THE  
MATTER WITH  
BEING A GRL,  
MR. McCOY?  
I'M A GOOD COOK.  
UNCLE JED SAID  
HE TOLD YOU  
HE'D SEND ME  
OUT.

THE OLD COOT SENT  
WORD THAT HE'D SEND OUT  
MONTANA KENDALL, THE  
BEST COOK IN THE COUNTY.  
I THOUGHT YOU WERE A MAN.  
LOOK, MA'AM, THIS ISN'T A  
FANCY DUDE RANCH--IT'S A  
HARD-WORKIN', ALL-MALE  
SETUP. IT WOULDN'T BE  
PROPER FOR YOU  
TO STAY HERE.

I'LL ADMIT UNCLE JED  
GOT HIMSELF TANGLED  
ON THIS DEAL. I THOUGHT  
YOU'D BE SORT OF  
MIDDLE-AGED AND  
MAYBE HAVE A WIFE  
AND FAMILY....BUT I'M  
HERE NOW, I NEED A  
JOB, AND I **AM** THE  
BEST COOK  
IN THE COUNTY.

AFTER SEEING GIL McCOY I KNEW THAT  
I WANTED TO STAY AT THE TIPSYS T BUT  
I NEEDED THE JOB, TOO, AS UNCLE JED  
KNEW.

IT JUST ISN'T A JOB FOR A GIRL.  
WE'RE GOIN' ON ROUND-UP.  
I WANTED A COOK FOR THE  
CHUCK WAGON. THAT ISN'T  
WOMAN'S WORK, MISS KENDALL.

I MAY NOT LOOK IT IN THESE  
CLOTHES, MR. McCOY, BUT I WAS  
BORN AND RAISED ON A RANCH  
DOWN AT POISON LAKE. I'VE BEEN  
ALONG ON ROUND-UPS AND DRIVEN  
THE CHUCK WAGON. I'VE HELPED HERD  
WHEN THEY WERE  
WORKING THE CATTLE,  
VACCINATED CALVES--  
DONE MOST EVERYTHING--

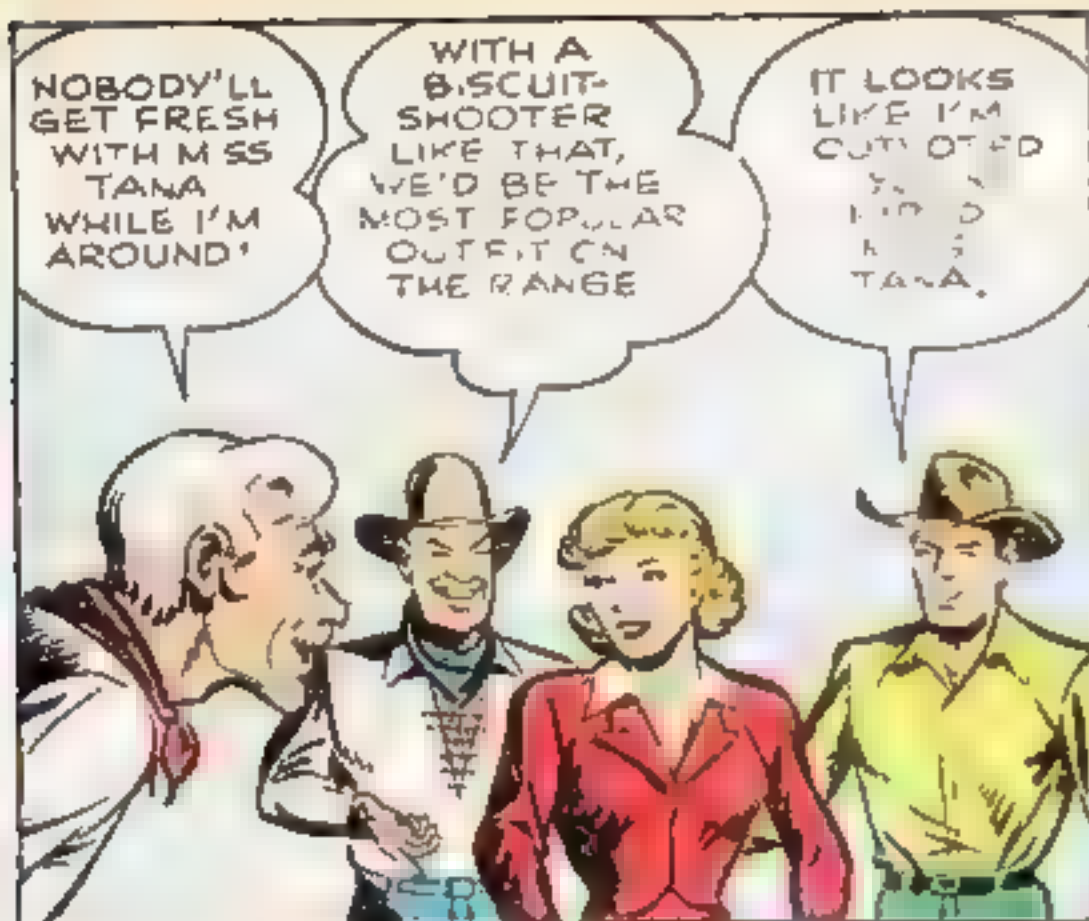
BEGGIN' YUR PARDON,  
MA'AM, BUT AIN'T YOU  
TANA KENDALL? I USE  
TO RIDE FER YUR POP  
WHEN YOU WUZ A  
LEETLE GAL...RECKON  
YA WOULDN'T  
REMEMBER ME....

WHY, OF COURSE,  
I DO, CACTUS!  
I REMEMBER,  
YOU BOUGHT ME  
A LITTLE ROPE  
AND TAUGHT ME  
TO USE IT.

I DONE HEERD YUR POP  
WAS BAD OFF, MISS TANA.

YES, HE IS, CACTUS. I WAS AWAY  
AT SCHOOL, AND HAD TO COME  
HOME. HE'S COMPLETELY PARALYZED  
NOW. WE LOST THE RANCH. UNCLE JED  
AND HIS WIFE ARE TAKING CARE OF  
HIM, AND I'M TRYING TO PERSUADE  
MR. McCOY TO TAKE ME ON AS COOK.

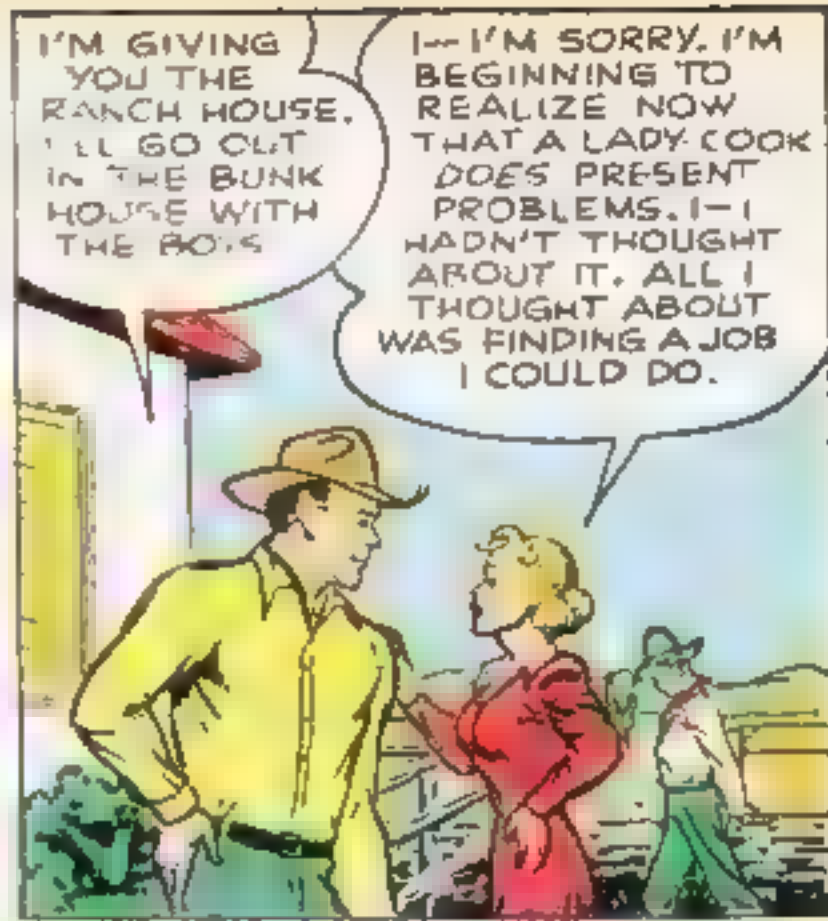




NOBODY'LL  
GET FRESH  
WITH MISS  
TANA  
WHILE I'M  
AROUND!

WITH A  
BISCUIT-  
SHOOTER  
LIKE THAT,  
WE'D BE THE  
MOST POPULAR  
OUTFIT ON  
THE RANGE

IT LOOKS  
LIKE I'M  
OUT OF  
THE  
HARD  
HATS  
TANA.



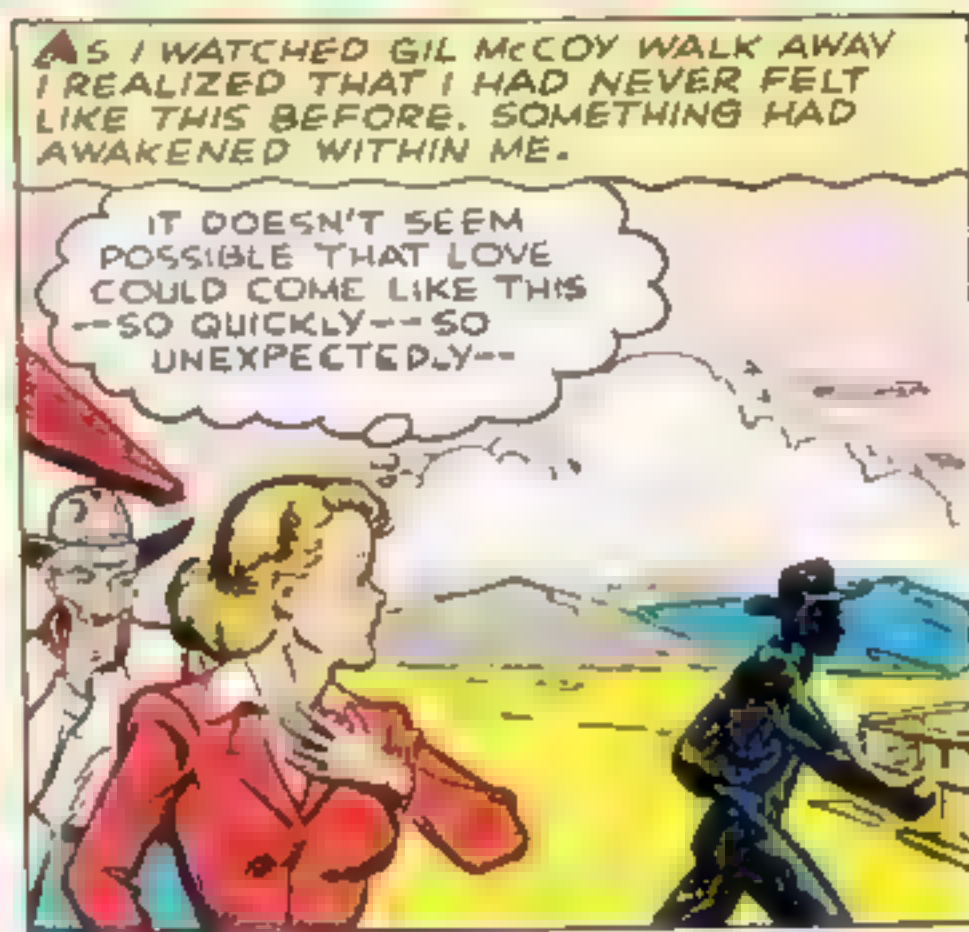
I'M GIVING  
YOU THE  
RANCH HOUSE.  
I'LL GO OUT  
IN THE BUNK  
HOUSE WITH  
THE BOYS

I-- I'M SORRY. I'M  
BEGINNING TO  
REALIZE NOW  
THAT A LADY COOK  
DOES PRESENT  
PROBLEMS. I-- I  
HADN'T THOUGHT  
ABOUT IT. ALL I  
THOUGHT ABOUT  
WAS FINDING A JOB  
I COULD DO.



I GUESS THERE WILL BE  
PROBLEMS, ALL RIGHT,  
BUT THE BOYS ARE  
RIGHT-- IT WILL BE  
NICE TO HAVE  
YOU AROUND.  
ONLY HOPE IT  
WON'T BE TOO  
MUCH FOR YOU.

I'M SURE  
IT WON'T.  
I'M HAPPIER  
THAN I'VE BEEN  
IN A LONG TIME.



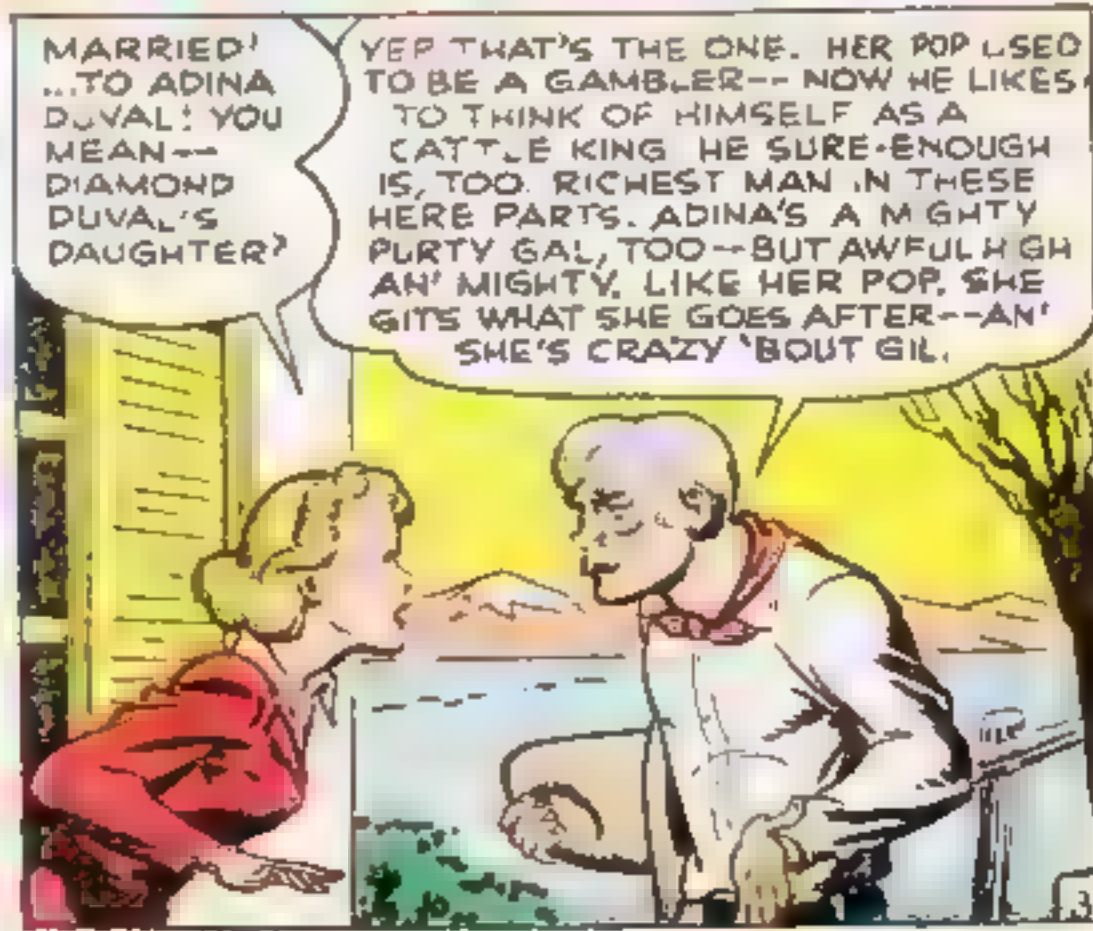
AS I WATCHED GIL MCCOY WALK AWAY  
I REALIZED THAT I HAD NEVER FELT  
LIKE THIS BEFORE. SOMETHING HAD  
AWAKENED WITHIN ME.

IT DOESN'T SEEM  
POSSIBLE THAT LOVE  
COULD COME LIKE THIS  
--SO QUICKLY-- SO  
UNEXPECTEDLY--



OH, CACTUS,  
HE'S AWFULLY  
NICE,  
ISN'T HE?

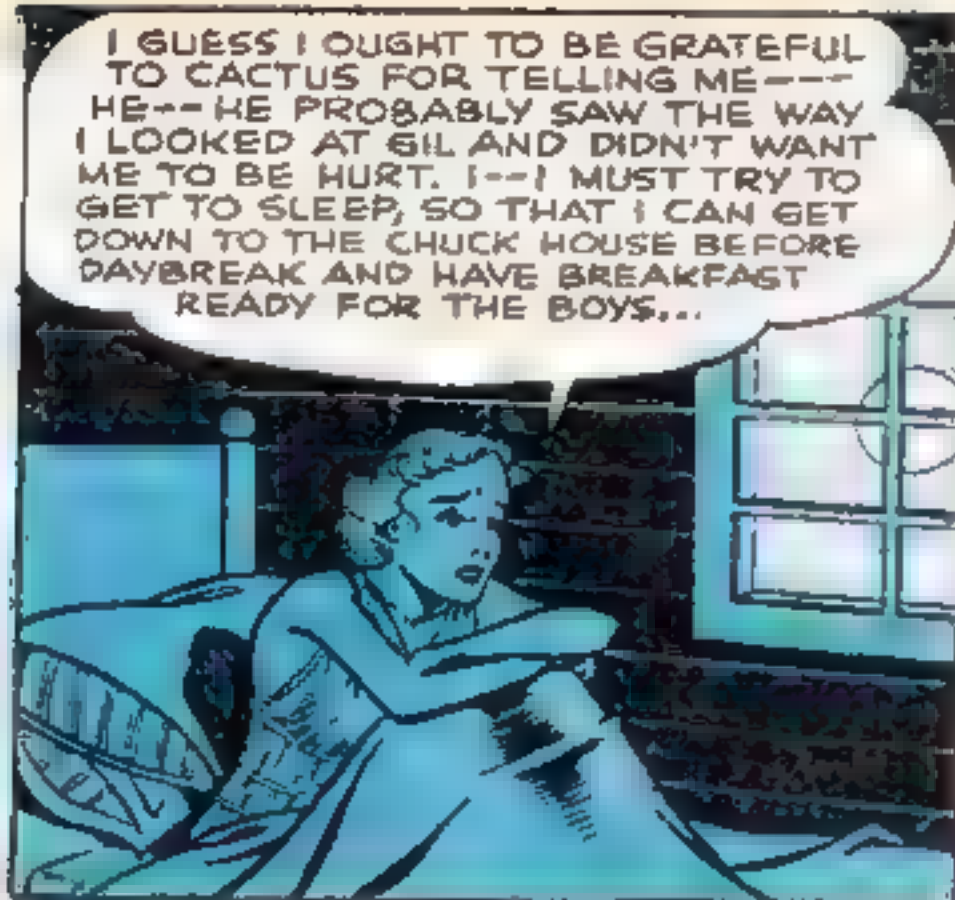
YEAH, GIL'S A  
FINE BOSS AN' A  
FINE YOUNG  
MAN. HE AN'  
ADINA DUVAL  
IS GETTIN'  
MARRIED  
COME SPRING.



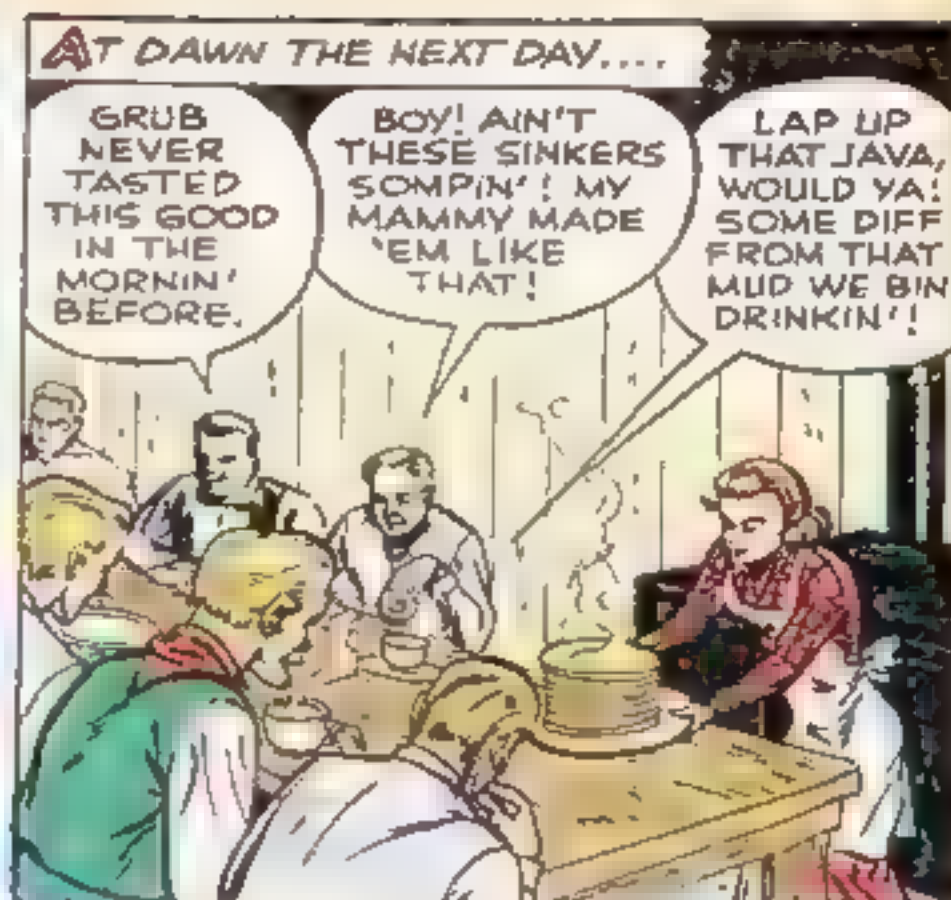
MARRIED!  
...TO ADINA  
DUVAL! YOU  
MEAN--  
DIAMOND  
DUVAL'S  
DAUGHTER?

YEP THAT'S THE ONE. HER POP USED  
TO BE A GAMBLER-- NOW HE LIKES  
TO THINK OF HIMSELF AS A  
CATTLE KING HE SURE-ENOUGH  
IS, TOO. RICHEST MAN IN THESE  
HERE PARTS. ADINA'S A MIGHTY  
PLURTY GAL, TOO-- BUT AWFULLY  
GH AN' MIGHTY, LIKE HER POP, SHE  
GITS WHAT SHE GOES AFTER-- AN'  
SHE'S CRAZY 'BOUT GIL.





I GUESS I OUGHT TO BE GRATEFUL TO CACTUS FOR TELLING ME--- HE-- HE PROBABLY SAW THE WAY I LOOKED AT GIL AND DIDN'T WANT ME TO BE HURT. I--I MUST TRY TO GET TO SLEEP, SO THAT I CAN GET DOWN TO THE CHUCK HOUSE BEFORE DAYBREAK AND HAVE BREAKFAST READY FOR THE BOYS...

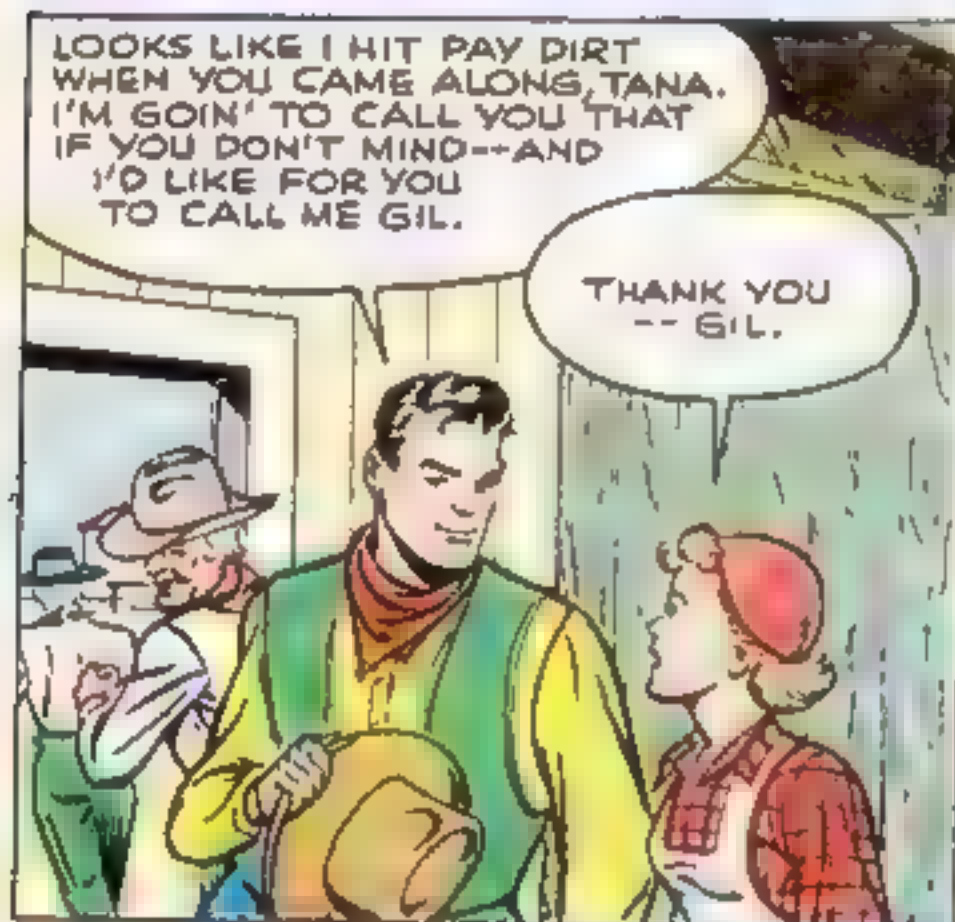


AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY....

GRUB NEVER TASTED THIS GOOD IN THE MORNIN' BEFORE.

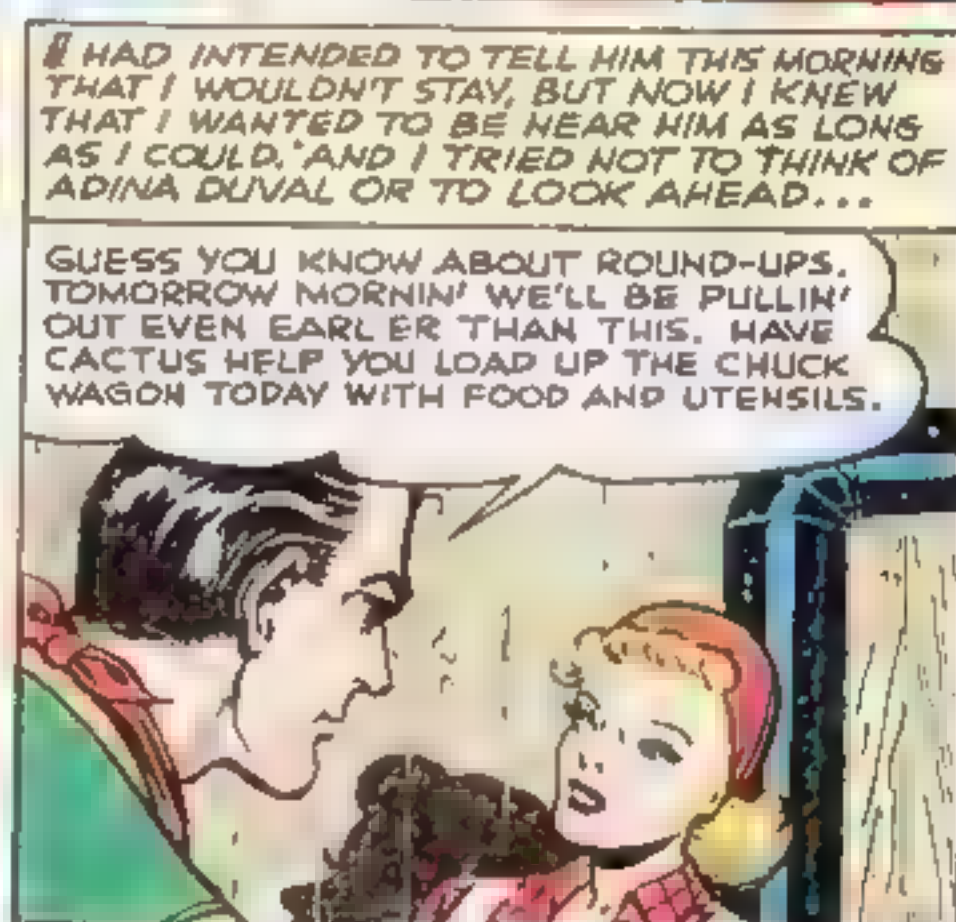
BOY! AIN'T THESE SINKERS SOMPIN'! MY MAMMY MADE 'EM LIKE THAT!

LAP UP THAT JAVA, WOULD YA! SOME DIFF FROM THAT MUD WE BIN DRINKIN'!



LOOKS LIKE I HIT PAY DIRT WHEN YOU CAME ALONG, TANA. I'M GOIN' TO CALL YOU THAT IF YOU DON'T MIND--AND I'D LIKE FOR YOU TO CALL ME GIL.

THANK YOU -- GIL.



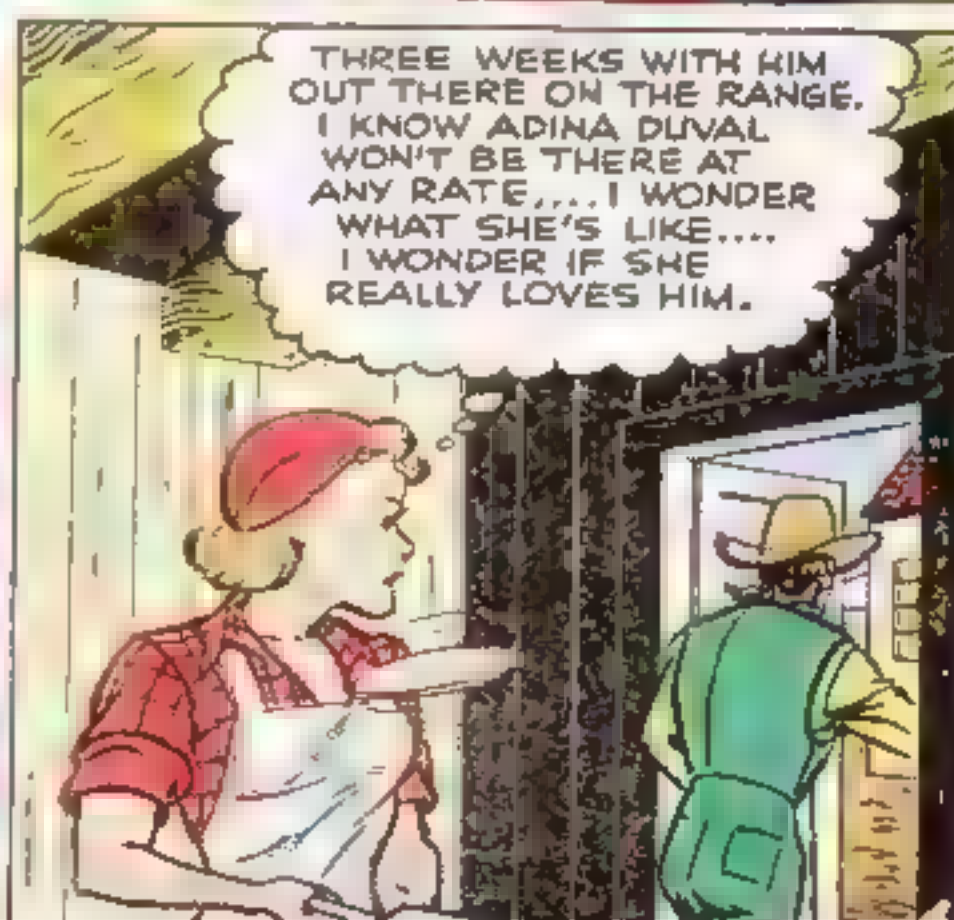
I HAD INTENDED TO TELL HIM THIS MORNING THAT I WOULDN'T STAY, BUT NOW I KNEW THAT I WANTED TO BE HEAR HIM AS LONG AS I COULD, AND I TRIED NOT TO THINK OF ADINA DUVAL OR TO LOOK AHEAD...

GUESS YOU KNOW ABOUT ROUND-UPS. TOMORROW MORNIN' WE'LL BE PULLIN' OUT EVEN EARLYER THAN THIS. HAVE CACTUS HELP YOU LOAD UP THE CHUCK WAGON TODAY WITH FOOD AND UTENSILS.



WHEN I SAW YOU YESTERDAY ALL SLICKED UP LIKE A CITY GAL, IT SEEMED KIND OF FUNNY TO THINK OF YOU AS COOK TO THE OUTFIT. BUT NOW-- WELL, YOU SURE FIT IN.

I--I'M GLAD.



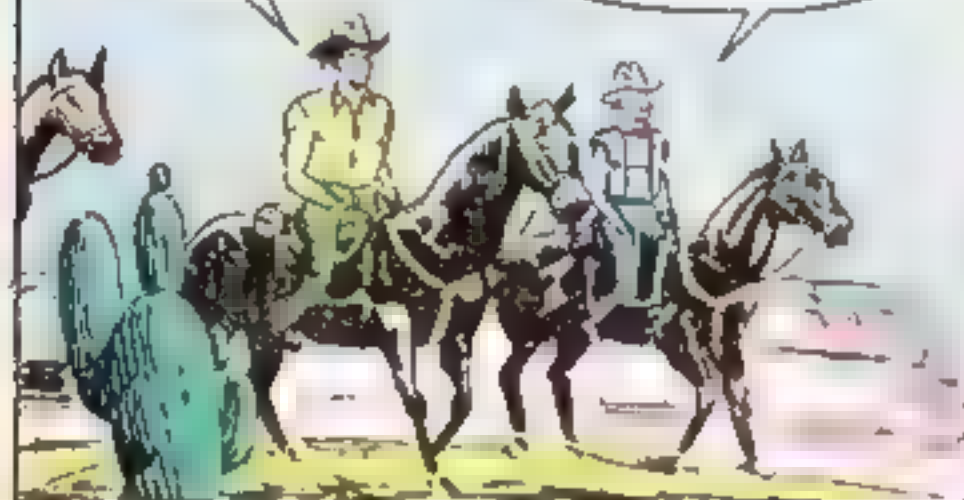
THREE WEEKS WITH HIM OUT THERE ON THE RANGE. I KNOW ADINA DUVAL WON'T BE THERE AT ANY RATE.... I WONDER WHAT SHE'S LIKE.... I WONDER IF SHE REALLY LOVES HIM.



THE NEXT MORNING WE STARTED FOR THE RANGE...

TANA IS A WONDERFUL GIRL, CACTUS BUT I'M STILL NOT SURE I DID THE RIGHT THING HIRIN' HER FOR THIS JOB

YOU'LL GET OVER THAT FEELIN', GIL. MISS TANA'S A THOROUGH-BRED AN' A THOROUGH-BRED DON'T GT STAMPEDED.



I COOKED LUNCH FOR THE CREW OVER MESQUITE COALS AT A WATERING SPOT...

WE NEVER HAD A BISCUIT SHOOTER THAT DID THIS ANY EASIER, TANA. WHEN WE HIT THE RANGE TONIGHT, I'LL PUT UP THE GRUB TENT FOR YOU, AND THAT CAN BE YOUR CAMP.

THAT WILL BE FINE.



THAT NIGHT ON THE RANGE...

I WONDER IF YOU KNOW HOW WONDERFUL YOU ARE, TANA.

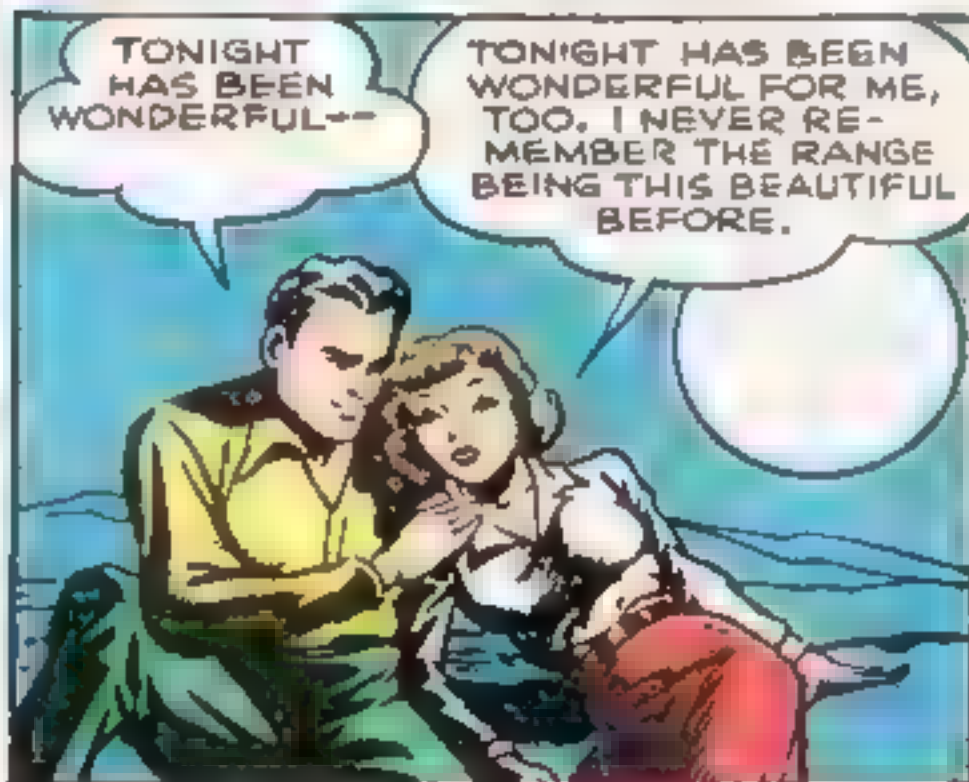
ARE YOU REALLY BEGINNING TO FEEL THAT IT WAS ALL RIGHT TO HIRE ME, GIL?



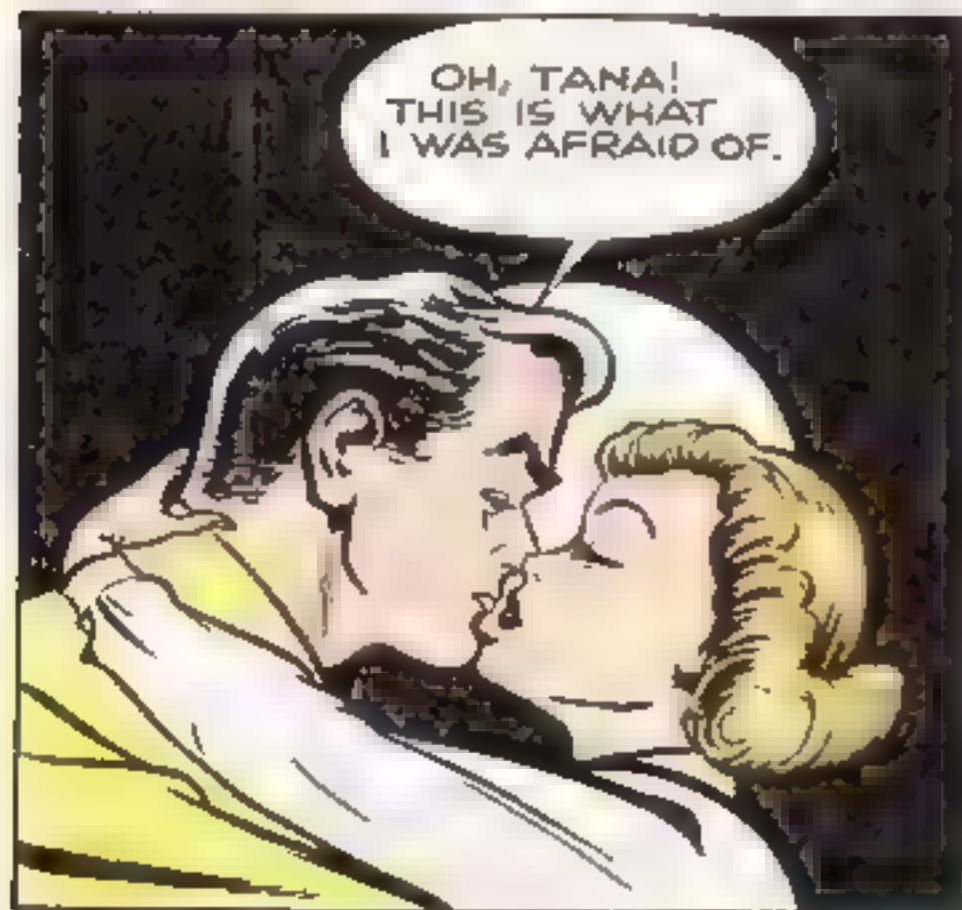
GIL AND I SAT THERE WHILE THE FIRE DIED DOWN, LONG AFTER THE OTHERS ROLLED UP IN THEIR BLANKETS...

TONIGHT HAS BEEN WONDERFUL--

TONIGHT HAS BEEN WONDERFUL FOR ME, TOO. I NEVER REMEMBER THE RANGE BEING THIS BEAUTIFUL BEFORE.



OH, TANA! THIS IS WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF.



I HAD NO RIGHT TO DO THAT. FORGIVE ME. I-- I'M ENGAGED.

I-- I KNOW --SO--SO IT WAS AS MUCH MY FAULT AS YOURS.





THE DAYS PASSED QUICKLY. THE MEN WORKED HARD AND WERE DOG-TIRED AT NIGHT GIL ARRANGED NEVER TO BE ALONE WITH ME. I KNEW MISERABLY THAT HE HAD ONLY KISSED ME BECAUSE I WAS A GIRL AND NEAR. I HAD NO ONE TO BLAME BUT MYSELF. I HAD KNOWN THAT HE WAS ENGAGED TO ANOTHER GIRL AND MUST BE IN LOVE WITH HER.



IT WAS THE LAST NIGHT OUT. I COULDN'T SLEEP AND GOT UP AND SAT BY THE FIRE ...

TANA!  
I DIDN'T KNOW  
YOU WERE HERE.  
I--I COULDN'T  
SLEEP---

NEITHER  
COULD I.



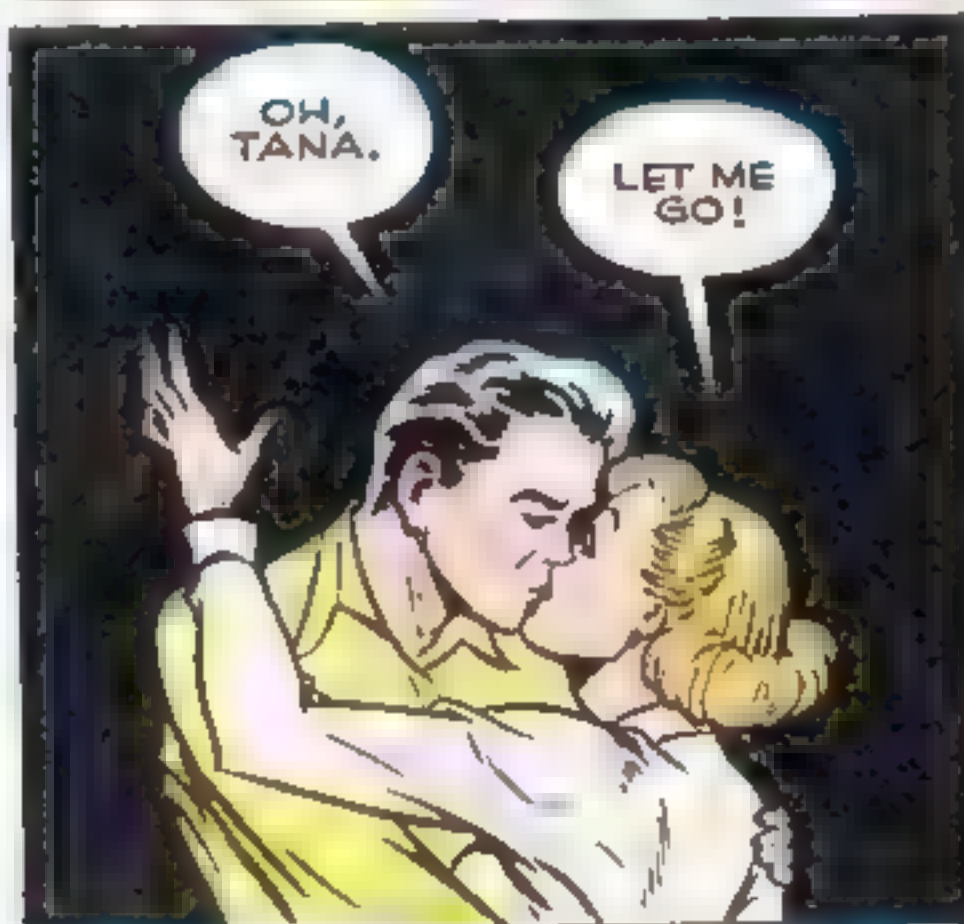
WE GO BACK TO THE RANCH  
TOMORROW AND THIS IS HARD  
TO SAY AND I HOPE  
YOU'LL TRY TO  
UNDERSTAND--  
BUT---I--CAN'T  
LET YOU STAY ON.

I--I UNDERSTAND.  
I--I WAS GOING  
TO LEAVE  
ANYHOW.



OH,  
TANA.

LET ME  
GO!



YOU'RE ENGAGED TO  
ANOTHER GIRL--AND SO  
YOU FEEL YOU HAVE TO  
FIRE ME--AND YET YOU  
DARE TO KISS ME AGAIN!  
OH---I--HATE YOU!

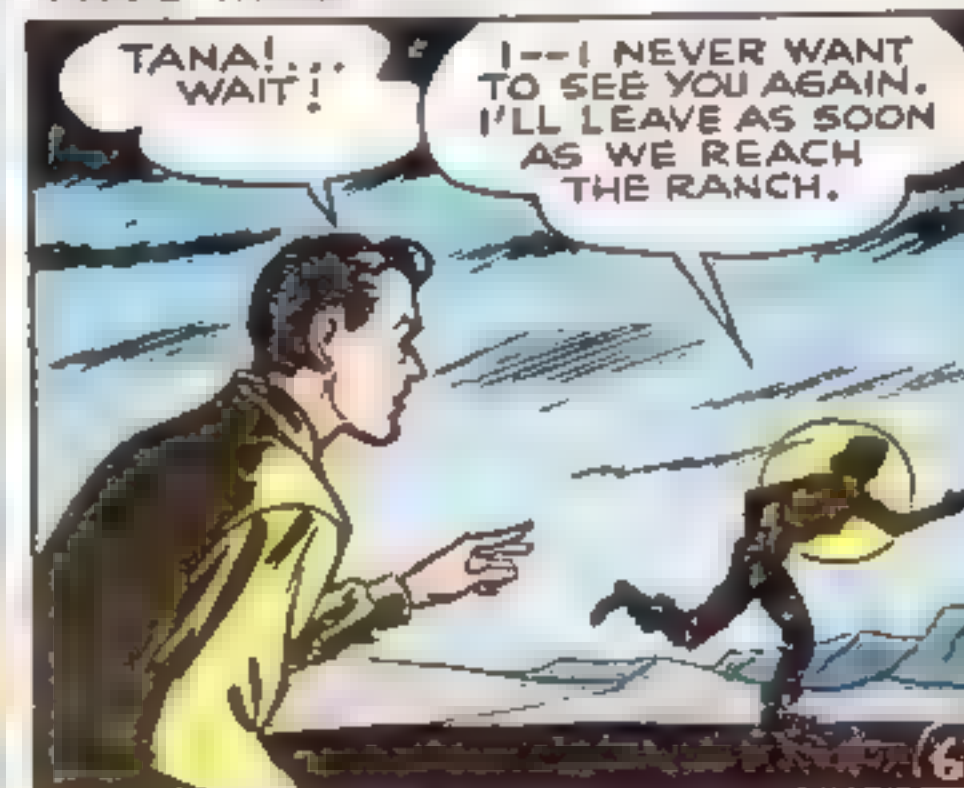
SMACK



I DIDN'T HATE HIM. I LOVED HIM! BUT I HAD TO KEEP WHAT SHREDS OF MY PRIDE WERE LEFT.

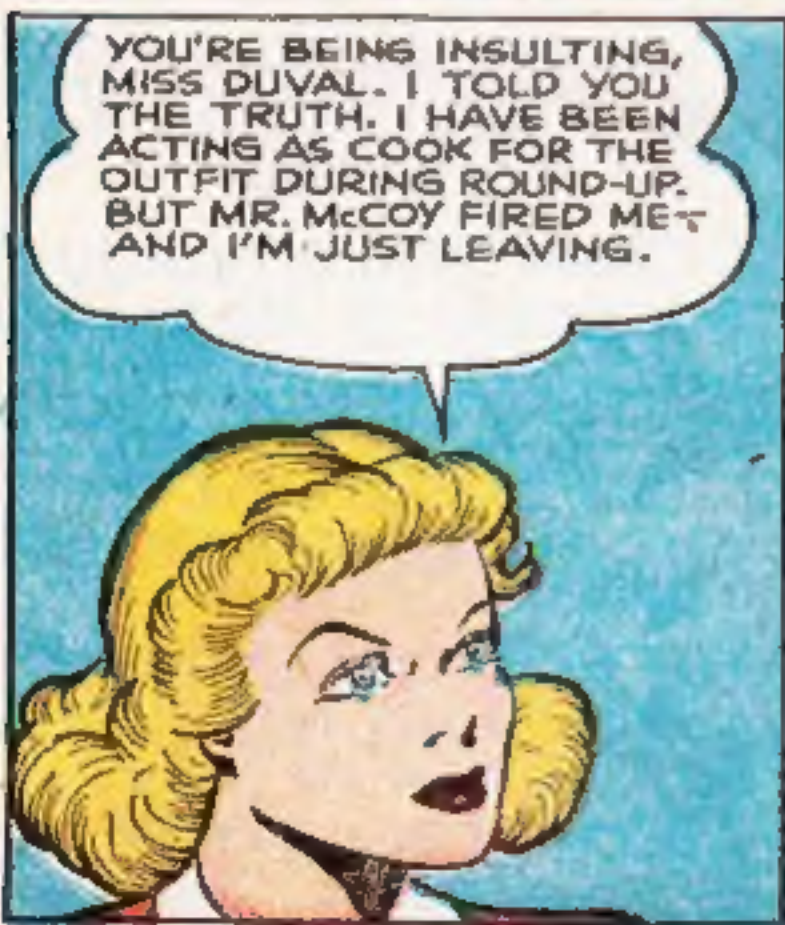
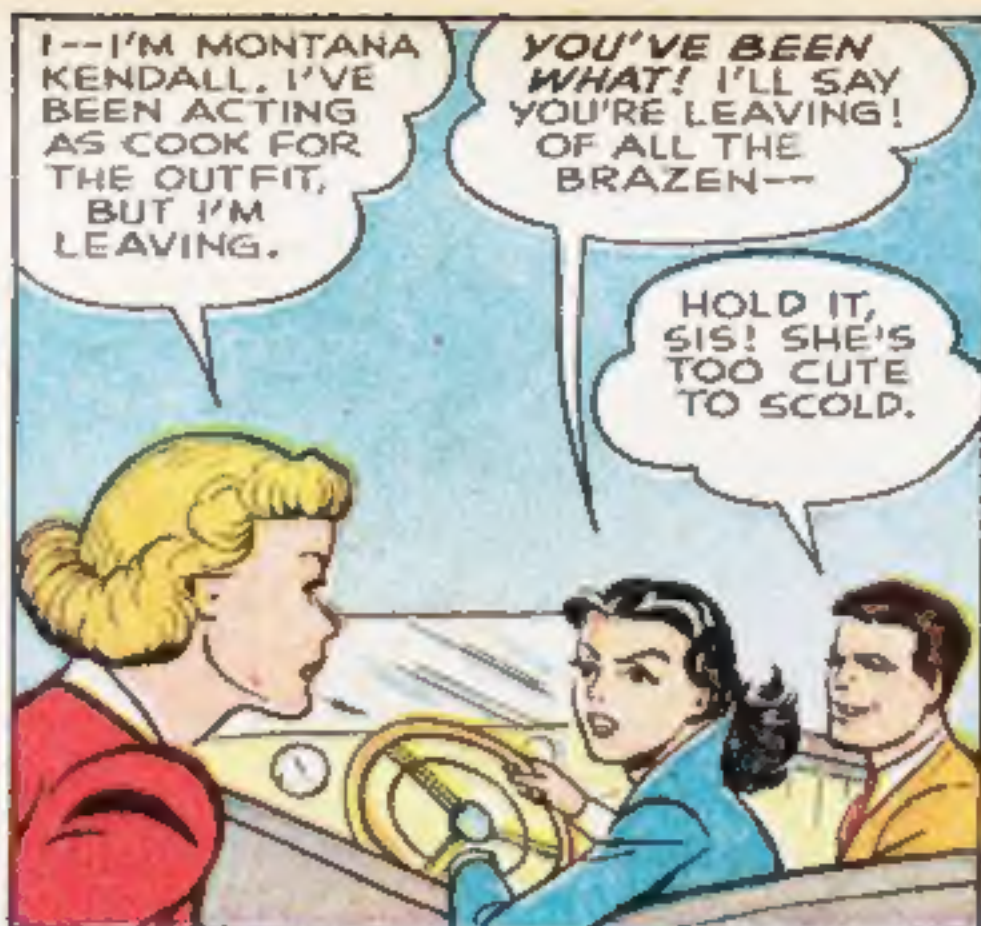
TANA!...  
WAIT!

I--I NEVER WANT  
TO SEE YOU AGAIN.  
I'LL LEAVE AS SOON  
AS WE REACH  
THE RANCH.

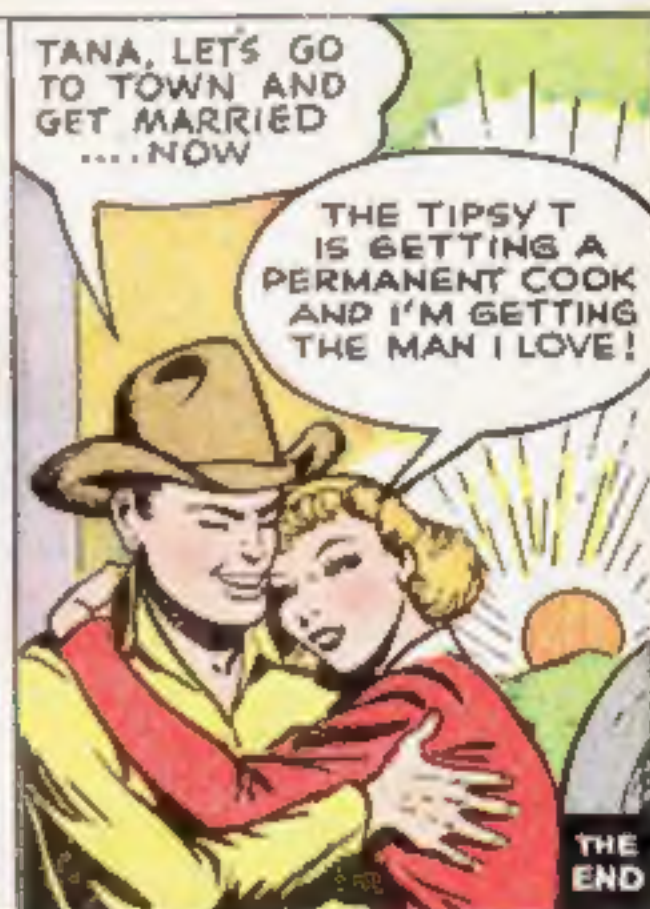
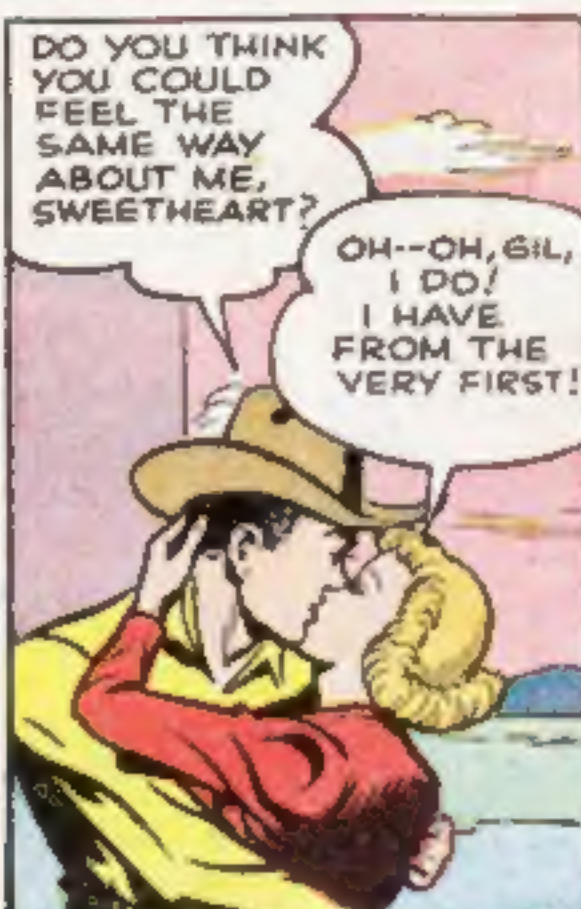
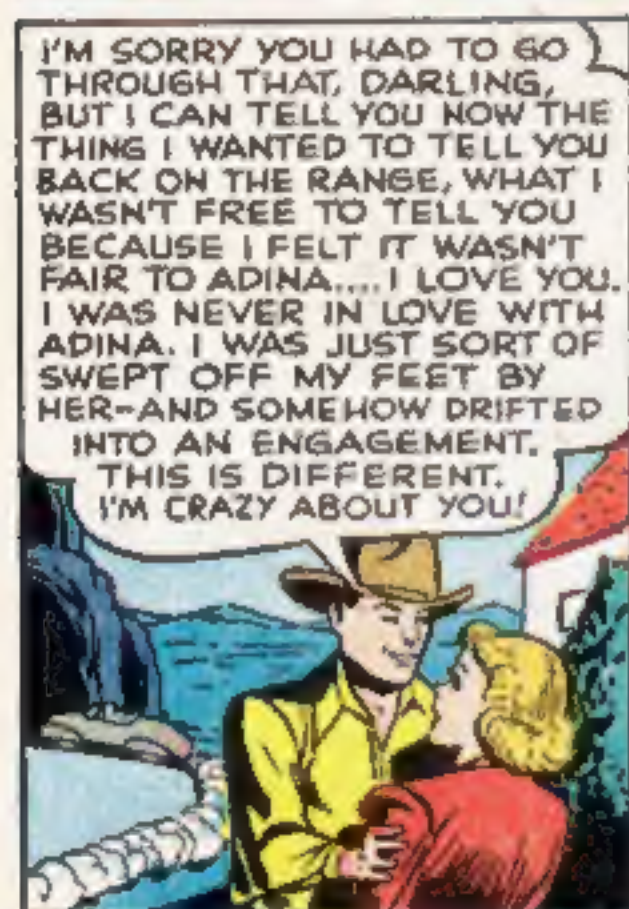




BACK AT THE RANCH, I PACKED MY CLOTHES AND WAS WAITING FOR CACTUS TO CARRY MY TRUNK TO MY OLD CAR WHEN AN EXPENSIVE ROADSTER DROVE UP....







## SUR-PRIZE CONTEST

- |                             |                                  |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <b>1<sup>ST</sup> PRIZE</b> | • \$ <b>15<sup>00</sup></b>      |
| <b>2<sup>ND</sup> PRIZE</b> | • • \$ <b>5<sup>00</sup></b>     |
| <b>3<sup>RD</sup> PRIZE</b> | • • • \$ <b>3<sup>00</sup></b>   |
| <b>4<sup>TH</sup> PRIZE</b> | • • • • \$ <b>2<sup>00</sup></b> |

**W**IN A CASH PRIZE FOR JUST A SHORT LETTER OF NOT MORE THAN 50 WORDS TELLING US WHICH STORY IN WESTERN LOVE TRAILS YOU LIKE BEST, 2<sup>ND</sup> BEST, 3<sup>RD</sup> BEST, AND WHY. ALSO WHICH OTHER MAGAZINES YOU READ REGULARLY.

**SEND IT TO US POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN OCTOBER 27, 1949, ALONG WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND AGE. IN CASE OF A TIE DUPLICATE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED. DO IT NOW!! HURRY!!**

WESTERN LOVE TRAILS - 23 WEST 47 ST. N.Y. 19, N.Y.C.



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## WHICH WILL YOU HAVE ?

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# REDUCE

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**TEST THE ADJUST-O-BELT UP-LIFT PRINCIPLE WITH YOUR OWN HANDS!**

Clasp your hands over your abdomen, press upwards and in gently, but firmly. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. **Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!**



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If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if You don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.

**FREE:**

regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

## SEND NO MONEY

ADJUST-O-BELT CO., Dept. B6  
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Mark your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$3.98 in size and style checked. ☐ Regular, ☐ Panty.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage plus handling.  
☐ I enclose \$2.98. You pay postage plus handling.  
CHECK SIZE: ☐ Sm. (25-29); ☐ Med. (29-33); ☐ XL (33-37); ☐ XXL (37-41);  
☐ L (25-29); ☐ XL (31-35); ☐ XXL (35-39);  
☐ XXXL (39-43); ☐ XXXXL (43-47).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT I will return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

**SENT ON APPROVAL**